

THOMAS (TAD)

DRAWER 2

LINCOLN CHILDREN

7/1 2009 025 04382

The Lincoln Children

Thomas (Tad) Lincoln

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

Story about Tod's Kid Goat

Ward 5. Columbian. Hospt - Washington, D.C.

July 22nd 1864

Dear father

Once more I seat
myself to write you a letter
for many days I have looked
for a letter from you. I am well
as can be seen by my ~~hand~~ ~~face~~
as stiff and crooked and always
will be I fear and so my Surgeon
thinks well. After I came back
from furlough I had a letter from
home that Curtis Kimbely was
at Mt Pleasant, Hospt. sick
with the typhoid fever I went
~~straight away to visit him~~
and still pretty low but was
on the gain I visited him every
day till day before yesterday he got
a furlough and went home I
helped him to the cars which I
hope carried him safely home
to his mother of whom care.

This letter owned by Jerry L. Frohrup
117 South Johnson St.
Garrett, Indiana
3/17/67

he was so much in need of
of I saw Cal Tiber the other
day at Penn. Duime he stays
here and as generally on all the
Gen. Court martial not being
able for field duty he is going
to try and get my discharge
for me which he thinks he
can do soon if not that he
can either get me an engineers
birth on some M. R. R. transport
or gunboat - some place where I
can draw extra pay he said
he should try and get me
~~my discharge if not he can get~~
do next best with me I have
no fears but his influence
will do well by me if I do
get my discharge I shall go
to work in the pine woods
in some big sawmill they
are paying from 4 to 7 a day

far govt engineers and
I am afraid but I can run
any thing in the shape of an
engine and I may not have
work at all not if I could
get a goodly better here. Well
~~I must relate a small~~
story of a hitch I am personally
knowing to as it is quite a
joke on old Abe. I must relate
it to you as it is you have
heard that his summer resort
is at the soldiers home about
two miles north out of town
~~after he goes to the city~~
the man stays all day and
returns at night in carriage
sometimes his family are with
him but most always his little
son Tolt as he always has to
pass this hosp't and see him
twice a day but a day or two

Before the raid on the
fortifications of Fort Stephens
and Lincoln it seems little Todd
had a kid and he had run
away. well who ever got it sold
it to a ~~common~~ ~~common~~ just
~~before this night~~ ~~for~~ ~~for~~ dollars
one evening as Mr and Mrs
Lincoln and Todd were going up
to the soldiers home Todd see his
kid and had the team stoped and
the driver was requested to get out
and pick up the kid but when
Cuffe went to pick up the kid
~~he said it was not his~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~
the the President said he was
there it was his kid well says
the common give me 6 dollars
and you can have it he was not
disposed to pay for his own
goat so he drove on but it
seemeth Todd was bound to have

his kid. for the next morn
they stoped to banter the woman
again but no go. she had paid
5 dollars for it and she must
make a dollar on it if she let
it go. Buff got down again
advanced up to the kid. the
woman came out says she
you dam nigger dont touch that
kid. yes says he but it is the
Presidents kid and he told me
to get it. well says she I dont
care for you or the President.
if the President sees fit to give
me 6 dollars for the kid he
can have it. if not you keep
your hands off from the kid.
at night when Abe and Tad
came back they stoped and the
President gave the woman 6
dollars for his last kid and
Tad rode by with the kid
in his arms and Tad is

his fathers lap I think
the joke was rather against
all the that time to have to
pay 6 dollars for his own kid

Now as the above has made
some fun here I thought it
worth publishing as she is quite
used for his jokes you see here
he got the joke on him and I
propose to you to go and have it
published in one of the Marshall
papers if you think it worth while
at least I have related I know
to be true part by personal observation
and the rest from the woman herself
she keeps a fruit stand near here
I had a letter from Deant
yesterday as I have no more
to write now I will close till
next when you see him I would
like to have him come and
see me if he can write soon
C. J. Potter To Mr. Potter

his father's lap & think
the joke was rather against
all the that time to have to
pay a dollar for his own kit

Now as the above has made
some fun here & thought it
worth publishing as she is quite
a did for his jokes you see here
he got the joke on him and I
propose to you to go and have it
published in one of the Harshell
papers if you think it worth while
as but I have related & know
to be true part by personal observation
and the rest from the woman herself
she keeps a fruit stand near here
I had a letter from Deant
yesterday as I have no more
to write now I will close. Tell
Hugh when you see him I would
like to have him come and
see me if he can write soon
C. S. Potter. To Mr. Potter

Letter addressed to his
father —

Frank M. Potter
122 N.Y. Regt.
Army of Potomac
Worked in hand in Battle of the Wilderness.

"Tad" Was the Sprite of the White House.

MOST of those who read the dispatch announcing the death of Thomas Todd Lincoln, said the New York Tribune, will never think of the well grown young gentleman who died on Saturday at Chicago. The name of "Tad"—a pet name given by himself with his first stammering utterances and adopted by his fond parents and the world—recalls the tricksy little sprite who gave to that sad and solemn White house of the great war the only comic relief it knew. The years that have followed, spent in study and travel, produced an utterly different person. The Tad Lincoln of our history ceased to exist long ago. The modest and cordial young fellow who passed through New York a few weeks ago with his mother will never be known outside of the circle of his mourning friends. But "little Tad" will be remembered as long as any who bore a personal share in the great movements whose center for four years was at Washington.

He was so full of life and vigor—so bubbling over with health and high spirits, that he kept the house alive with his pranks and his fantastic enterprises. He was always a "chartered libertine," and after the death of his brother Willie, a prematurely serious and studious child, and the departure of Robert for college, he installed himself as the absolute tyrant of the executive mansion. He was idolized by both his father and mother, petted and indulged by his teachers, and fawned upon and caressed by that noisome horde of office seekers which infested the ante-rooms of the White house. He had a bad opinion of books and no opinion of discipline, and thought little of any tutor who would not assist him in yoking his kids to a chair or in driving his dogs tandem over the south lawn.

He was as shrewd as he was lawless, and always knew whether he could make a tutor serviceable or not. If he found one of obstinate ideas as to the superiority of grammar to kite flying as an intellectual employment he soon found means of getting rid of him. He had so much to do that he felt he could not waste time in learning to spell. Early in the morning you could hear his shrill pipe resounding through the dreary corridors of the executive residence.

The day passed in a rapid succession of plots and commotions, and when the president laid down his weary pen toward midnight he generally found his infant goblin asleep under his table or resting his curly head by the open fireplace; and the tall chief would pick up the child and trudge off to bed with the drowsy little burden on his shoulder, stooping under the doors and dodging the chandeliers.

The president took infinite comfort in the child's rude health, fresh fun, and uncontrollable bolstersness. He was pleased to see him growing up in ignorance of books but with singularly accurate ideas of practical matters. He was a fearless rider, while yet so small that his legs stuck out horizontally from the saddle. He had that power of taming and of attaching animals to himself, which seems the special gift of kindly and unlettered natures. "Let him run," the easy going president would say, "he has time enough left to learn his letters and get poky. Bob was just such a little rascal, and now he is a decent boy."

It was evident that with all his insubordination and wreckless mischief the spoiled child was at heart a truthful and generous nature. He treated flatterers and office seekers with a curious coolness and contempt, but he often espoused the cause of some poor widow or tattered soldier whom he found waiting in the ante-rooms, and it was most amusing to see the hearty little fellow dragging his shabby protégés into the executive presence, ordering the ushers out of the way and demanding immediate action from headquarters. The president rarely refused a grace of this kind, and the demands were not so frequent as to lose the charm of novelty.

One of the tricks into which his idleness and his enterprise together drove him was the occasion of much laughter to the judicious and much horror to the respectable in Washington. He invested one morning all his pocket money in buying a stock in trade of an old woman who sold gingerbread near the treasury. He made the government give him a board and some trestles, which he set up in the imposing porte cochère of the White house and on the rude counter displayed his wares.

Every office seeker who entered the house that morning bought a toothsome luncheon of the keen little merchant, and when an hour after the opening of the booth a member of the household discovered the young pastryman the admired center of a group of grinning servants and toadies, he had filled his pockets and hat with currency, the spoil of the American public. The juvenile operator made lively work of his ill gotten gains, however, and before night was penniless again.

Although still a mere child at the death of his father, this terrible shock greatly sobered and steadied him. His brother Robert at once took charge of his education, and he made rapid progress up to the time of his sailing for Europe with his mother. He ever after remained with her, displaying a thoughtful devotion and tenderness beyond his years, and strangely at variance with the mischievous thoughtlessness of his childhood. He came back greatly improved by his residence abroad, but always the same cordial, frank, warm hearted boy.

NY Tribune
7/24/1871

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OBITUARY.

Death of Thomas Lincoln, Youngest Son of the Late President.

At half-past 7 o'clock, yesterday morning, Thomas Lincoln, better known as "Tad," the youngest son of the late President, died at the Clifton House, on Wabash avenue, where he had been staying since his return from Europe. The cause of his death was dropsy of the chest, the first symptoms showing themselves while he was abroad; but it was not until three days after his return in the middle of May that it began to be alarming. The disease made its appearance in the left chest, and, notwithstanding the care given him afterward, attacked the right side, and soon after caused death by the compression of the heart. He was convalescent at one time, but, unfortunately, got up in the night, wandered around lightly clad, on returning to his room swooned, and grew steadily worse from that moment. He was attended by Dr. C. G. Smith, of this city, who did for him all that skill and faithful attention could, but the trouble was too deeply seated for his ability to be of any avail.

He was born on the 17th of May, 1853, and was, therefore, a little over 18 years old. He was the youngest of four children, one of whom died in infancy, another, William, at Washington, and the other, Robert, who is living in this city. Though baptised Thomas, he was always known as "Tad," the abbreviation of the nickname Tadpole, given him by his father. Being the youngest, he was, both at Springfield and at Washington, an especial favorite of his father, and his companion whenever possible. After the death of the late President, by which his son was greatly affected, he accompanied his mother to this city, and studied at the Northwestern University. In 1869 he went to Europe, and attended school at Frankfurt for six months, and afterwards was at a school at Brixton, near London. He was tall and thin, and resembled his father in many of his mental traits and characteristics. Many of his remarks were marked by the peculiar vein of thought which distinguished Mr. Lincoln. He bore his illness with great patience and resignation.

At 4½ p. m., to-day, prayer and brief services will be held over the remains at the residence of Robert T. Lincoln, No. 653 Wabash avenue, at which invited friends will be present. In the evening the remains will be carried to the St. Louis & Aton Railroad, and conveyed to Springfield, in a special car, and buried beside those of his father. Funeral services will be held in the First Presbyterian Church, Springfield, on Monday afternoon.

This death, following that of her husband, and more remotely that of two other children, has been a fearful blow to Mrs. Lincoln, and her physicians dread that it may produce insanity, though hopeful of averting so sad a calamity.

The Death of "Tad" Lincoln.

In February, 1862, this fond father was visited by a sorrowful bereavement. The executive mansion was turned into a house of mourning. Death had chosen a shining mark and the beloved Willie, the apple of his father's eye, the brightest and most promising of his children, was torn from his embrace. The dreadful stroke well nigh broke the president's heart, and certainly an affliction more crushing never fell to the lot of man. In the lonely grave of the little one lay buried Mr. Lincoln's fondest hopes and, strong as he was in the matter of self control, he gave way to an overmastering grief, which became at length a serious menace to himself.

Never was there witnessed in an American household a scene of distress more touching than that in which the president and Mrs. Lincoln mingled their tears over the coffin that inclosed the lifeless form of their beloved child. A deep and settled despondency took possession of Mr. Lincoln, and when it is remembered that this calamity—for such it surely was—befel him at a critical period of the war, just when the resources of his mighty intellect were most in demand, it will be understood how his affliction became a matter of the gravest concern to the whole country, and especially to those who stood in close personal and official relations with him. The measures taken by his friends to break the force of his great grief, and to restore him to something like his old time cheerfulness, seemed for a while unavailing.—Ward H. Lamon. 1867

The President's Mischievous Boy.

Both the steward and the cook had remonstrated with "Master Tad" upon bringing into the kitchen of the White House "such squads of poor, dirty, hungry street urchins to be fed," and at last Peter said that Mrs. Lincoln must be told.

Tad flew into a rage, ran up stairs to see his mother himself, and on finding her out searched the place for his busy father.

Meanwhile the small objects of his charity waited at the lower door—for Peter had absolutely refused to let them "step inside."

The indignant boy spied his father just crossing the yard, with head bowed, eyes to the ground, talking earnestly to Mr. Seward as they walked to the department of state together. He cried out to him at once: "Father! father! can't I bring those poor, cold, hungry boys home with me whenever I want to? Isn't it our kitchen?"

By this time Tad had his father by the hand, who stopped short to listen to the frantic appeal.

"Can't I give them a good warm dinner today, say? They're just as hungry as bears, and two of 'em are the boys of a soldier too. And, father, I'm going to discharge Peter this minute if he don't get out the meat and chicken and pies and all the things we had left yesterday. Say, mayn't I? Isn't it our kitchen, father?"

Secretary Seward was shaking with laughter. Mr. Lincoln turned to him with a twinkle: "Seward, advise with me. This case requires diplomacy."

Mr. Seward patted Tad on the back and said he must be careful not to run the government in debt, and the president took Tad's little brown hands in his own big one and with a very droll smile bid him to "run along home and feed the boys," and added, "Tell Peter that you are really required to obey the Bible by getting in the maimed and the blind, and that he must be a better Christian than he is!"

In less than an hour Mr. Seward said they passed through the yard on their way to the cabinet meeting, and no less than ten small boys were sitting with Tad on the lower steps cracking nuts and having a "state dinner."

Mr. Lincoln remarked that the "kitchen was ours."—New York Tribune. May 1889

The White House Kitchen in 1862.—Both the steward and the cook had remonstrated with "Master Tad" upon bringing into the kitchen of the White House "such squads of poor, dirty, hungry street urchins to be fed"; and at last Peter said that Mrs. Lincoln must be told.

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HE TAUGHT "TAD" LINCOLN

A Talk with the Tutor of the Married President's Boys

Mr. Alexander Williamson's Impressions of the Great Emancipator—The Bible Was Lincoln's Book.

From the New York Press.

A fine old Scotch gentleman who lives at 49 Hoyt street, Brooklyn, enjoys the distinction of having been tutor for Abraham Lincoln's children while the great emancipator was President. He is Alexander Williamson, and though 75 years old, he is as rugged and full of life as most men at 56. Mr. Williamson attributes his fine health to oatmeal, a streak of Calvinism, and now and then a drop of good Scotch whisky. He cast his first Presidential vote last November for Benjamin Harrison and glories in the fact that it helped to pull down the Democratic majority in Kings county. Having lived in Washington for thirty-two of the thirty-four years he has been in the country he was disfranchised. Mr. Williamson tells many interesting stories about Mr. Lincoln.

"I was teaching school in Washington in 1861," said he, "when Colonel Alexander, who was military superintendent of the Soldiers' Home, told me that Mrs. Lincoln wished to see me. I was very much surprised, and thought there must have been a mistake. I went to the White House and saw Mrs. Lincoln. She wanted me to teach her two youngest boys, but we couldn't agree on terms, and I left without being engaged. When I spoke to my wife about it she decided that she would go and see the President's wife, saying a woman was the best one to talk with a woman. She went, and in a few days I began my tutorship of Thomas and William Wallace Lincoln. We always called Thomas 'Tad.' He was his father's pet, but William Wallace was by far the brighter boy of the two. Had he lived he would have been a great man. He was the exact counterpart of his father, but had his mother's face. 'Tad' was tongue tied. He preferred looking at the soldiers to studying. Robert was then at Yale completing his education.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

A great deal of the President while I was at the White House, and had every opportunity to study his character. He was a remarkable man. Though he worked from 6 o'clock in the morning until midnight all the time he was President, I never knew him to lose his temper. He was an American in his habits so far as smoking, drinking, chewing or taking snuff, for he did neither. He was as kind hearted as a woman. I believe that the work entitled 'The Impending Crisis,' written by Helper, did much to form his convictions on the slavery question, and influenced him in issuing the emancipation proclamation. The book created a sensation at that time. Mr. Lincoln read the Bible often. If you read his messages you will see many biblical quotations in them. One afternoon I went into the library and found him there.

"Mr. Williamson," said he to me, 'that boy Tad is a terrible fellow. He is forever running away with my books.'

"Yes," I replied, 'he would run off with the White House if he could.'

"Mr. Lincoln continued hunting through the bookcase but could not find the book he wanted. 'I am looking for 'Cruden's Biblical Concordance,' he said to me. 'Have you any idea where it is?'"

"Yes," I replied, 'I have just been reading it.'

"You Scotch people pay more attention to these matters than we do here," he said when I showed him where the book was.

A POTENT ADDRESS.

"In 1864," continued Mr. Williamson, "Mr. Lincoln received an address from the Free Church of Scotland. It impressed him greatly, and his message on the slavery question at the time showed it. Mr. Newton, who was the Commissioner of Agriculture, called at the White House to enter a mild protest against one of them, and Mr. Lincoln handed him the address, saying: 'This is the most potent argument against I have ever read. It is simply crushing. Read it.'

"One incident that I remember illustrates Mr. Lincoln's kindly character. He was going out riding with his wife when Mr. Smith, one of the ushers, told him a woman was waiting to see him. The President had very much to say about it. When Mr. Smith explained the woman's mission Mr. Lincoln took off his coat and went back to his desk. The woman's husband was a deserter from the army and had been sentenced to death. She pleaded with the President, and he wrote an order to release the man on condition that he joined his regiment.

"He could not turn a deaf ear to an appeal for clemency. I remember once some rebels made a raid toward the capital. We could see them plainly near Fort Stephens, three miles from the White House. A young man, a resident of Washington named King, who was acting as their guide, was wounded and captured by a Union soldier. His father was a big grocer at the capital. Young King was sentenced to be shot and his father begged Mr. Lincoln to spare his boy's life. The President commuted the sentence to a short term of imprisonment, and the man is now living in Washington. The father, to show his gratitude, sent delicacies in abundance to the Union hospitals. I was with the President when he died. When I heard the news of the assassination first I was just about retiring. Tad was standing at the head of the stairs. When he saw me he cried out: 'Oh, Mister Wimsou, pa's stot.'"

From N.Y. Press Interview
With Alex. Williamson,
Tutor of Lincoln's Children
-Taken Interview in 1888
Williamson lived in Brooklyn
-He and his wife were

RELICS OF LINCOLN.

Mr. Williamson has many letters which Mrs. Lincoln wrote him after her husband's death. She gave him the shawl Mr. Lincoln wore when he went out, his dressing coat, slippers, and the copy of "Helper's Impending Crisis" which Mr. Lincoln had. The book Mr. Williamson presented to General Hayes. When Mr. Lincoln got the slippers first a stag's head was embroidered on each. For eyes there were two lustrous black stones. The shining stones caught Tad's fancy and he plucked them out before long. The shawl and dressing gown Mr. Williamson still has in his possession. The shawl is an immense affair, larger than a counterpane, and is quite heavy. It is gray and black and was made of California wool. It is in excellent condition. The dressing gown, however, is moth eaten and faded.

On the 6th of March, 1863, Secretary Chase, at Mr. Lincoln's request, gave Mr. Williamson a position in the Second Auditors' Department of the Treasury. He continued his tutorship, however, his work at the Treasury not interfering with his teaching. He remained in the Treasury Department until June 16, 1866, when Mr. Cleveland removed him. To-day, at the age of 75, he is a clerk in the Anchor line of steamers.

In Mr. Williamson's room there is a photograph of the picture drawn by E. L. Miller, the artist, representing the death of Mr. Lincoln. The portraits of those who were present were sketched from life. Mr. Williamson pronounces them to be very good. There were twenty-one persons present, as follows: Postmaster General Dennison, General Meigs, Attorney General Speed, John Hay, the President's private Secretary; Vice President Johnson, Secretaries Usher, Stanton, Welles and McCulloch, Surgeon Crane, Dr. Stone and Surgeon General Barnes, Mr. Sumner, Robert Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Rev. Dr. Gurtey, Mr. Williamson and Generals Farnsworth, Halleck and Augur.

G-30-89

TAD LINCOLN.*

How He Drilled Company D and Gave the Play of "Hamlet."

By Margaret Spencer.

"The Soldiers' Home was a place worth living in, in those days," said Jamie.

Jamie is now a rich man in Philadelphia; but in the years of '63-4 he was the small son of a very busy father, whose work was with the President, and he was also Tad Lincoln's closest friend and comrade.

Everybody knows how Mr. Lincoln humored and loved his small 11-year-old son, whom he nicknamed "Tadpole," and called "Tad" for short.

At a little distance from the pretty vine-covered cottage, where the President's family spent their summers, on the Corcoran farm, hundreds of soldiers were encamped. The white canvas dotted the wide green fields everywhere, and in the shade of beautiful oaks, maples and pines the hospital tents were filled with wounded and dying. All day long from the city, from boats and trains, ambulances rumbled over the stones and pavements out into this lovely country spot.

One hot day in July Tad surprised his father in the busiest hour of the day by appearing in town in the Cabinet room dressed in his top boots, blue jockey cap, whip in hand. In terrible haste he said: "Father, I've come for an order to the Secretary of War for two rubber blankets! two good sized drums! one tent! and rations for two good sized boys!"

Although Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet were used to Tad they looked up and awaited with droll smiles the grave father's reply.

With one long finger on his map, a sentence of painful import on his lips, Mr. Lincoln looked into the scrap of a face, then at the big red one of the Secretary of War and laughed outright.

"Come here, my son. Who are the boys, and are they for the Union, and where do they serve their country?"

Tad leaned on his father's knee and eagerly went on:

"You see, father, Jamie and I have joined Company D in the Soldiers' Home. We are on waiting orders, and mother won't give us blankets off our beds, and says you must supply rubber ones so we won't get crippled up with rheumatism, you know. It won't take long for here is Mr. Stanton right here!"

The boys went into camp next day.

Every spare hour was spent with the soldiers. They would beat "the reveille," shout orders with the officers, drill with the companies, and rush the men into double-quick, until the whole camp was in an uproar. Tad's young, clear voice would ring out: "Fall in, Company D! fall in lively!" And Company D, men and officers, would obey.

The soldiers used to say "they had rather be marched into the summer-house twenty times a day by that young rascal than to eat a good dinner."

At evening when the handsome carriages were rolling through the guards, Tad and his friend were usually to be seen perched on the broad veranda of the Old Men's Home, drumming away with all their might, and surrounded by admiring soldiers.

Secretary Chase pointed him out to a distinguished party one night as they drove by: "Who would think that little urchin in blue, making all that racket up there, was the son of our President!"

At other times the two boys would go about from cot to cot visiting one after

another of the sick soldiers. Jamie would relate all manner of stories, while Tad would read aloud the war news from the daily papers, and tell what his father would do if he were only a general instead of President. "And my father could wipe out the whole rebel army with only just his ax!" Master Tad was wont to declare, "And oh, I do wish he could be a general! He'd finish up this old war!"

The beautiful summer nights generally found the Lincoln cottage full of visitors, friends, and busy people. The separate members of the Cabinet, officers, and men with "plans," came to sit on the quiet, cool piazzas, and often spent hours walking, and "talking over things" under the shady trees.

Mr. Lincoln was frequently to be seen alone, leaning wearily against the pillars of the porch, with his deep, sad eyes turned toward the great city, no doubt thinking upon the battlefields beyond, with a headache that probably no other President will ever know.

Taking the crowds of evening visitors into his reckonings, Tad made known another of his "happy thoughts" to his mother.

Why couldn't he organize a splendid theatrical company out of the soldiers! The biggest tent could be the theater! One hospital tent was empty! The guard, corporals, drummers, cooks—they all had given their solemn promise to learn their parts right away.

Mrs. Lincoln not replying the boys took her consent for granted, and Tad was overjoyed—"Jamie," he said, "run over to your mother, and get her Shakespeare; father has two, and Mr. Stanton has one. I'll ask Mr. Seward for his! It takes a good many to go round; I know lots out of some plays, for father and I recite it together nights."

Copyrighted, 1892.

"Now Tad, you are not to get up another thing! Your poor father is tired out with you," exclaimed Mrs. Lincoln, suddenly.

"I know, mother, this won't tire him—he's awfully interested in plays."

Here Tad spied his father on the piazza, just getting home from a long, tiresome day. With his small face against the President's shoulder, he began: "Father, if you'll help us—Jamie and I—get up a first-class theater in camp, you, and all the Cabinet, shall come in every night for fifteen cents! And it'll be twenty-five for all the others, even mother!"

Mr. Lincoln stroked Tad's head and answered slowly: "Well—that is quite an object! What plays do you give, my son?"

"Well," said Tad, "if they get the parts first-rate, we'll give 'Hamlet' first."

"Now that's a fair price for 'Hamlet'—fifteen cents! Yes—I think Chase and Seward will be glad to give that!" said Mr. Lincoln.

"But father—don't laugh! It would cost them more than that to go to a common circus!"

A week afterward Mrs. Lincoln said to some friends: "This theater business of Tad's beats his Company D fever. I am countermanding orders all the time. The servants leave their work to 'take parts!' I met Isaac just now decked out 'in costume.' And who should I see this minute, as I sent for the carriage, but John, the coachman, in long robes, trailing behind Jamie and Tad, 'going to rehearse!' There never was such a boy! He screams out, 'Wait a minute, mother! John won't be long! this is the very last rehearsal before to-night.'"

The best camp chairs were taken off the piazzas, the best table cloth was for the ghost! the guard changed off an hour earlier to practice, while a kind of high

art color was painted on the back of the tent to make it more effective by candle light.

Tad was sorely tried. "Father was so busy! and no two of the Cabinet ever came out at once!"

At last it proved a success! Tad as Hamlet, Jamie as the ghost.

The proud father and Mr. Stanton and Mr. Seward occupied front seats. The tent failed to hold half. The sides were turned up that the crowds outside might enjoy the scene.

Eagerly, clearly, and in a tragic voice Tad said, as he mounted the box, close to the row of candles:

"If it assume my noble father's person," while his eyes rolled nervously in the direction of the side entrance. "Would the night were come," another glance at the crack in the yellow cloth, then exit. "So fare you well!"

A large Horatio enters: "Look! my lord, it comes."

A flourish of trumpets outside the tent. A long blast from all the bugles in camp! Tad reappears: "Angels and ministers defend us!" A smothered sound from the front seats.

The long damask table cloth, the large bath towels with dragging fringe, and the ghost marches in! Tad again: "Oh, my prophetic soul."

Human nature could bear no more, and the front seats were vacated! Secretary Seward told his family it was worth \$100, but defeated and mortified he laughed aloud. So, choking and gasping, he and the President were obliged to go at an early hour.

One of the sick soldiers, Old One-legged Hans, was so grieved that he couldn't see his President's son as "Hamlet" that Tad and Jamie repeated their parts at his bedside; when weeks afterward the good old man died, Tad told his father that "Hans had gone now where he had two legs, and could join another revolutionary war."

Tad Lincoln's Christmas Box.

Around a camp-fire in Buffalo, during the late G. A. R. encampment, an old soldier was telling the boys of his last Christmas in the army. Three sons of generals were listening to these camp-fire stories, and one begged for "something about Tad Lincoln."

"Father knew him well," said one; "My Uncle John used to show him all about the camps," said another; and "Never mind about your Uncle John," said the old soldier. "My little grandson, Abra'm Lincoln West, has a part of a picture-book that was sent to us in a cold, miserable winter's camp by little Tad, and had been written in his own writing, 'To the soldiers, from Tad Lincoln!' Bless the little fellow's memory! He sent 'em when we were dying and freezing and suffering from miseries of every kind!"

"Ha! that Christmas box! It makes me feel young to talk about it. We laughed and cried, and just like little children looked at the picture-books till they were most worn out. That was thirty-four years ago, but we kept track of the books, and when Abraham Lincoln died, and little Tad went on into the blessed kingdom, too (for he couldn't live without his father, you know), then we put away the old books safe and divided them up—so my grandson Abra'm has one to-day."

The little story of Tad's Christmas box has often been told by fireside and camp-fire, but it is never old. That winter was bitter cold and stormy. The soldiers encamped across the Potomac, just over Long Bridge, suffered from scanty shelter, frozen ground, and bleak, cheerless quarters.

Among the many presents sent to Tad for the holidays was a box of splendid books from a big firm in Boston. The marvelous stories with beautiful illustrations were Tad's constant delight. He would lean over his father's knee night after night, when the house was still, before the glowing fire in the "Red Room," asking his quaint, odd questions, enthusiastically "talking over the pictures with father."

Suddenly a thought struck him. Jumping up and clapping his hands, he exclaimed:

"Father, don't you remember how cold and lonesome the soldiers looked over in Virginia, where we went the other day?"

"Yes, my son—they did look cold—poor boys—"

"Well! I'm going to send them these be-au-

ti-ful books! You see, they don't have any good time, and we," patting the bony knee lovingly, "we have such good times together."

The big dark face and sad eyes gleamed with light. The father put his arm closer about the boy and said, tenderly:

"That's right, little son! Send them all the nice books you can spare. Tell the steward in the morning to pack a box for you, big and strong, of all the good things to eat in this house. Your mother will help you. And let's give the boys a nice Christmas dinner—a gift from Tad."

The next day the box was packed. Mrs. Lincoln herself superintended the work. Never was there a happier boy than Tad. He was everywhere in a minute, from the kitchen to the cabinet-room! The cook declared "Master Ted had cleaned out the store-room and cupboards!" He drove the last nails. He ran for black paint, with which the coachman printed in large letters on the top and both ends (for Tad said it might get wrong side up), "For the soldiers, from Tad Lincoln."

"Father" was marched to the window to see the box as it started off. When the expressman drove down Pennsylvania Avenue to the express office, people laughed to see the little boy sitting on top of a huge box, smiling and bowing at the boys whom he knew.

That night he told his father confidentially he thought there would be "one merry Christmas in the war," and added with a tremendous hug and kiss, "We made it, didn't we, father?"

His tutor told Mr. Lincoln that "Tad's correspondence was so great about that time he had to excuse him from lessons."

That Christmas box was received with overwhelming joy and gratitude by the soldiers in that dreary camp, and thirty-five years later the tender love of little Tad was sacredly remembered by the camp-fire of '97.—*Margaret Spencer, in American Agriculturist.*

June 30 1877

TAD LINCOLN'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

Son of the Martyr President Sent it to the Soldiers.

Around a camp fire in Buffalo, during the G. A. R. encampment, an old soldier was telling the boys of his last Christmas in the army, says Maragret Spencer. Three sons of generals were listening to these camp fire stories and one begged for something "about Tad Lincoln."

"Father knew him well." "My uncle John used to show him all about the country and camps." And "Never mind about your Uncle John. My little grandson, Abra'm Lincoln West, has a part of a picture-book that was sent to us in a cold, miserable winter's camp by little Tad, and had been written in his own writing, 'To the soldiers, from Tad Lincoln!' Bless the little feller's memory! He sent 'em when we were dyin' and

freezin' and suffer'in' from miseries of every kind!"

"Ha! that Christmas box! It makes me feel young to talk about it. We laughed, an' cried, an' just like little children looked at the picture-books, till they were most worn out. That was 34 years ago, but we kept track of the books and when Abraham Lincoln died an' little Tad went on into the blessed kingdom, too (for he couldn't live without his father, you know), then we put away the old books safe an' divided 'em up—so my grandson Abra'm has one to-day."

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1899

Unitarian Register
v 78

People of Interest

The birthday of Lincoln, which occurs next week, and will be fittingly celebrated, makes the accompanying reproduction of a rare picture appropriate and doubly interesting. It is copied and enlarged from a small photograph of "Tad" Lincoln on his South American pony, taken No-

vember 16, 1863, and presented by Mrs. Lincoln, some years afterward, to Mr. S. P. Gilbert, who held an official position under Lincoln, and was one of his intimate friends. It is now in the possession of Mrs. Gilbert, who lives in Brooklyn. On this pet pony, shown in the picture, little "Tad" used to ride around the White House grounds and gallop out to the Soldiers' Home, where his father often accompanied him. The picture was taken there, and the figure of Lincoln himself, with the old gray shawl over his arm, added later. This shawl was a familiar sight in the old days, and it is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Williamson, of Brooklyn. Mr. Williamson was tutor in the Lincoln family, and also held office under Lincoln.

Little "Tad"—his real name, by the way, was Thomas—was his father's constant companion. One biographer has written: "No matter who was with the President, or how intently he might be absorbed, little 'Tad' was always welcome, and it was impressive and affecting to see the burdened President

lost for the time being in the affectionate parent, as he would take the little fellow in his arms upon the withdrawal of visitors and caress him with all the fondness of a mother for her babe." Tad was always busy making a amusement for his father, and thus the President often found repose, and perhaps this may have been the secret of his endurance when the whole world seemed to rest on his shoulders. His little questions would provoke a smile or burst of laugh-



LITTLE "TAD" LINCOLN ON HIS PONY.

Enlarged from an old photograph taken in 1863. Copyright, 1902, by Viola H. Gilbert.

LINCOLN AND
HIS SON
THOMAS (TAD)

PRESIDENT WAS PROSTRATED.

Death of Willie Lincoln at the White House Made Him Almost Inconsolable with Grief.

The protecting sympathy and tenderness the president extended to all children became a passionate affection for his own. Willie and Tad had always been privileged beings at the White house, and their pranks and companionship undoubtedly did much to relieve the tremendous strain the president was suffering. Many visitors who saw him with the lads at this period have recorded their impressions—how keenly he enjoyed the children; how indulgent and affectionate he was with them. Again and again he related their sayings, sometimes even to grave delegations. Thus Moncure Conway tells of going to see the president with a commission which wanted to "talk over the situation." The president met them, laughing like a boy. The White house was in a state of feverish excitement, he said; one of his boys had come in that morning to tell him that the cat had kittens, and now the other had just announced that the dog had puppies.

When both the children fell ill; when he saw them suffering, and when it became evident, as it finally did, that Willie, the eldest of the two, would die, the president's anguish was intense. He would slip away from the visitors and cabinet at every opportunity, to go to the sick room, and during the last four or five days of Willie's life, when the child was suffering terribly and lay in an unbroken delirium, Mr. Lincoln shared with the nurse the nightly vigils at the bedside. When Willie finally died, on Feb. 20, the president was so prostrated that it was feared by many of his friends that he would succumb entirely to his grief. Many public duties he undoubtedly did neglect. Indeed, a month after Willie's death, we find him apologizing for delay to answer a letter because of a "domestic affliction."

In describing Lincoln's attitude toward the common people, Carpenter, the artist, cites the following incident which took place while the president and party were proceeding with Mr. Carpenter to the photograph gallery: "My attention was attracted to an approaching party, apparently a countryman, plainly dressed, with his wife and two little boys, who evidently had been straying about looking at the places of public interest in the city. As they reached the portico, the father, who



WILLIE LINCOLN WHO
DIED IN THE WHITE HOUSE

was in advance, caught sight of the tall figure of Mr. Lincoln absorbed in his letter. His wife and the little boys were ascending the steps. The man stopped suddenly, put out his hand with a 'hush' to his family, and, after a moment's gaze, he bent down and whispered to them: 'There is the president.'

"Mr. Lincoln good naturedly approached the boys, who had remained where they were stopped, and, reaching down, said a kind word to the bashful little fellows, who shrank close to their mother and did not reply. This simple act filled the father's cup full. 'The Lord is with you, Mr. President,' he said, reverently; and then, hesitating a moment, he added, with strong emphasis, 'and the people, too, sir; and the people, too.'"

Tarbell
1904

LINCOLN EXHIBIT AT FROST LIBRARY

Picture of "Tad" Lincoln at
Age of 8 Is Loaned by Mrs.
A. C. Dunham.

GIFT OF THE PRESIDENT
TO HER GRANDMOTHER

Many Interesting Mementoes
to Be Seen in Winthrop
During Centennial.

As the Frost Public Library in Winthrop there will be put on exhibition for the centennial celebration of Abraham Lincoln's birth an interesting lot of pictures of Lincoln and mementoes of his life and of his family.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Arthur C. Dunham, for many years Frost Librarian, there will be shown a small boy picture of "Tad" Lincoln "aged eight" written on the back, presented to his favorite nurse, Mrs. R. R. Pomroy of Chelsea, who was Mrs. Dunham's paternal grandmother, and a rose her small admirer gave her, which upon opening shows steel engravings in miniature of famous places, also her autograph album upon whose front page, "Yours truly, A. Lincoln" and "Ever affectionately yours, Mary Lincoln," are written.

The experiences of Mrs. Pomroy as little Tad's nurse, when she had been sent by Dr. George L. Dix from the Columbia College Hospital at Washington to the White House, where he lay tossing with typhoid fever, following the death of his brother "Willie," are most interesting as illustrating the home life of the President, also his inner spiritual life and the way he bore the sorrows that came to him. Miss Dix had called to offer her aid and sympathy following the death of this second son, and had found both "Tad," the youngest son, and Mrs. Lincoln sick, and who in response to the President's urgent inquiry for a good nurse said that she thought would give him perfect satisfaction and her name was Mrs. Pomroy.

As Mrs. Pomroy left the hospital Mrs. Dix told her that she had chosen her out of 250 nurses to make herself useful to the head of the nation. The President greeted her warmly in Mrs. Lincoln's sick room saying, "I am heartily glad to see you, and feel that you can comfort us and the boy." She devoted herself to the fever-stricken child, who kept weeping for his dear brother Willie "who would never speak to him any more."

Mrs. Pomroy was a mother and had already lost her husband and two children and the only remaining son, George K. Pomroy, was on the battlefield.

"Little Tad," as the days went by, grew rapidly better, loved his nurse and would have no one else do for him but his father. During his convalescing, the President would not dismiss Mrs. Pomroy from his home entirely, but arranged to carry her in his carriage daily to the hospital to see sick soldiers. Mrs.

Lincoln kissed her when she left, urging her to come often and see them, and beautiful flowers were cut for her room from the White House conservatory.

On March 27, 1862, Mrs. Lincoln gave Mrs. Pomroy photographs of Willie and "Tad" and the picture of the youngest son has never before appeared in print.

Robert Lincoln, eldest son of the President, loved Mrs. Pomroy, who was a frequent guest at the family table, and assisted her when home from college by speaking French with one of her patients in the hospital when it was necessary to have his limb amputated to save his life.

Afterward Mrs. Lincoln was a patient under this favorite nurse's care due to the accident familiar in history, when her horse becoming unmanageable, she was thrown and struck her head, and for three weeks Mrs. Pomroy nursed her night and day in the Soldier's Home. At this time she was Lincoln's closest spiritual adviser and friend. He told his friends at the White House she had saved Mrs. Lincoln's life. His gratitude, as well as that of Mrs. Lincoln, knew no bounds and he wanted to know what he could do for her, she asked him to come to the hospital and meet the doctors, nurses and wounded soldiers, which he did, shaking hands with each one.

The most original article in this collection in the library will be the especially designed frame in log cabin effect, 36x36 inches, made by Frank W. Tucker, one of the library trustees, which is to hold 50 pictures of Lincoln.

'TAD' LINCOLN AND FAVORITE NURSE

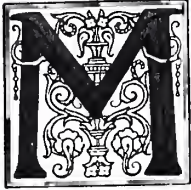


MRS. R. R. POMROY. LINCOLN'S YOUNGEST BOY.
Chelsea Woman Who Watched Over Photo of Son of Martyr-President at
"Tad."—From a War-Time Photo. the Age of 8.

Boston Herald, Feb 7, 1909

CONGE

LINCOLN AND LITTLE TAD



R. LINCOLN seldom spoke of Willie. Robert was away at Harvard College, and later at the front, as one of General Grant's aides. Thus the President's wealth of love was lavished on Tad, "the pet of the nation." The boy was passionately affectionate—his father's inseparable companion. A word from Mr. Lincoln would make him laugh gleefully or melt him to tears. In the solemn Cabinet meetings he played about, sometimes falling asleep on the floor or in his father's lap. He accompanied the President to Fortress Monroe, and clung to his father's hand when Lincoln strode through the streets of Richmond. While the President was making his last speech, from the northern portico of the White House, little Tad stood by, catching the leaves of his father's manuscript as they floated down to him. When they came too slowly to suit the boy, he demanded, in a piping voice:

"Papa-day, give me another paper." (Tad's pet name for his father was "Papa-day.") The little fellow had a nasal impediment which affected his speech so that strangers could not well understand him. But the father understood his afflicted boy—yes, every word! No matter who was in conference with the President, nor what grave matters might be under discussion, whether with Seward, Stanton or Sumner—if little Tad spoke, his father's face bent tenderly over him. Senators and secretaries were often annoyed by Tad's interruptions. All these things combined to intensify Lincoln's yearning devotion to little Tad. This passionate tenderness was more than mere doting indulgence.

As for the boy himself, he did not care for any other playmate. One of Lincoln's life-guard has recorded the statement that the only times President Lincoln ever seemed genuinely happy were while they were romping through the stately old rooms of the Executive Mansion together, both whooping like wild Indians, playing horse or father carrying boy pickaback, or holding him high on his shoulders where Mr. Lincoln had always been in the habit of carrying the little boys, when Willie was playing too—Willie on one shoulder and Tad on the other. At such times Tad's small cup of joy was brimful, and he could give no better expression to it than by chuckling and shouting: "O Papa-day!—Papa-day!"

Where Tad had been the night of Lincoln's assassination no one knew exactly, but Thomas Pendel, the faithful old doorkeeper at the White House, relates that the little boy came in at the basement door very late, and clambered up the lower stairway with heartbroken cries of:

"Tom Pen! Tom Pen! They've killed Papa-day! They've killed Papa-day!"

They brought Mrs. Lincoln home in a state of collapse. The only wonder is that the horrible scene of which she had been a witness did not then and there dethrone her reason. During the gusts of grief to which she gave way, in spite of herself, little Tad would look up at her in terror and cry out: "Don't cry so, Mamma, or you will break my heart!"

Then the horror-stricken mother would clasp the child in a passionate embrace, and cover his little upturned face with kisses and tears, summoning all the resolution of which she was capable, for the sake of her little boy. Between the two—his little mother and his little brother—poor Robert Lincoln had need of all the manly tenderness of his nature—"so like his father's," they all said.

The terrific strain was too great for the desolate little woman who had been widowed by hideous cruelty, and she lay for many weeks, utterly prostrated, unable to go to the burial of her husband and Willie.



Little Tad Lincoln

Whipple 1909

"Tad" Was the Sprite of the White House.

1505

MOST of those who read the dispatch announcing the death of Thomas Todd Lincoln, said the New York Tribune, will never think of the well well grown young gentleman who died on Saturday at Chicago. The name of "Tad"—a pet name given by himself with his first stammering utterances and adopted by his fond parents and the world—recalls the tricksy little sprite who gave to that sad and solemn White house of the great war the only comic relief it knew. The years that have followed, spent in study and travel, produced an utterly different person. The Tad Lincoln of our history ceased to exist long ago. The modest and cordial young fellow who passed through New York a few weeks ago with his mother will never be known outside of the circle of his mourning friends. But "little Tad" will be remembered as long as any who bore a personal share in the great movements whose center for four years was at Washington.

He was so full of life and vigor—so bubbling over with health and high spirits, that he kept the house alive with his pranks and his fantastic enterprises. He was always a "chartered libertine," and after the death of his brother Willie, a prematurely serious and studious child, and the departure of Robert for college, he installed himself as the absolute tyrant of the executive mansion. He was idolized by both his father and mother, petted and indulged by his teachers, and fawned upon and caressed by that noisome horde of office seekers which infested the ante-rooms of the White house. He had a bad opinion of books and no opinion of discipline, and thought little of any tutor who would not assist him in yoking his kids to a chair or in driving his dogs tandem over the south lawn.

He was as shrewd as he was lawless, and always knew whether he could make a tutor servicable or not. If he found one of obstinate ideas as to the superiority of grammar to kite flying as an intellectual employment he soon found means of getting rid of him. He had so much to do that he felt he could not waste time in learning to spell. Early in the morning you could hear his shrill pipe resounding through the dreary corridors of the executive residence.

The day passed in a rapid succession of plots and commotions, and when the president laid down his weary pen toward midnight he generally found his infant goblin asleep under his table or resting his curly head by the open fireplace; and the tall chief would pick up the child and trudge off to bed with the drowsy little burden on his shoulder, stooping under the doors and dodging the chandeliers.

The president took infinite comfort in the child's rude health, fresh fun, and uncontrollable bolsterousness. He was pleased to see him growing up in ignorance of books but with singularly accurate ideas of practical matters. He was a fearless rider, while yet so small that his legs stuck out horizontally from the saddle. He had that power of taming and of attaching animals to himself, which seems the special gift of kindly and unlettered natures. "Let him run," the easy going president would say, "he has time enough left to learn his letters and get poky. Bob was just such a little rascal, and now he is a decent boy."

It was evident that with all his insubordination and wreckless mischief the spoiled child was at heart a truthful and generous nature. He treated flatterers and office seekers with a curious coolness and contempt, but he often espoused the cause of some poor widow or tattered soldier whom he found

waiting in the ante-rooms, and it was amusing to see the hearty little fellow dragging his shabby protégés into the executive presence, ordering the ushers out of the way and demanding immediate action from headquarters. The president rarely refused a grace of this kind, and the demands were not so frequent as to lose the charm of novelty.

One of the tricks into which his idleness and his enterprise together drove him was the occasion of much laughter to the judicious and much horror to the respectable in Washington. He invested one morning all his pocket money in buying a stock in trade of an old woman who sold gingerbread near the treasury. He made the government give him a board and some trestles, which he set up in the imposing porte cochère of the White house and on the rude counter displayed his wares.

Every office seeker who entered the house that morning bought a toothsome luncheon of the keen little merchant, and when an hour after the opening of the booth a member of the household discovered the young pastryman the admired center of a group of grinning servants and toadies, he had filled his pockets and hat with currency, the spoil of the American public. The juvenile operator made lively work of his ill gotten gains, however, and before night was penniless again.

Although still a mere child at the death of his father, this terrible shock greatly sobered and steadied him. His brother Robert at once took charge of his education, and he made rapid progress up to the time of his sailing for Europe with his mother. He ever after remained with her, displaying a thoughtful devotion and tenderness beyond his years, and strangely at variance with the mischievous thoughtlessness of his childhood. He came back greatly improved by his residence abroad, but always the same cordial, frank, warm hearted boy.

"Master Tad"

Had His Way

Albany Argus May 12/12

Both the steward and the cook had remonstrated with "Master Tad" upon bringing into the kitchen of the White House "such squads of poor, dirty, hungry street urchins to be fed," and at last Peter said that Mrs. Lincoln must be told.

Tad flew into a rage, ran upstairs to see his mother himself, and on finding her out, searched the place for his busy father.

Meanwhile, the small objects of his charity waited at the lower door—for Peter had absolutely refused to let them "step inside."

The indignant boy spied his father just crossing the yard with bowed head, eyes to the ground, talking earnestly to Mr. Seward as they walked to the Department of State together. He cried out to him at once:

"Father, father! Can't I bring these poor, cold, hungry boys home with me whenever I want to? Isn't it our kitchen?"

By this time Tad had his father by the hand, who stopped to listen to the frantic appeal.

"Can't I give them a good warm dinner to-day? They're just as hungry as bears and two of 'em are boys of a soldier, too!—and, father, I'm going to discharge Peter this minute if he don't get out the meat and chickens and pies and all the things we had left yesterday. Say, mayn't I? Isn't it our kitchen, father?"

Secretary Seward was shaking with laughter. Mr. Lincoln turned to him with a twinkle.

"Seward, advise with me. This case requires diplomacy."

Mr. Seward patted Tad on the back and said he must be careful not to run the government into debt, and the President took Tad's little brown hands in his own big one, and with a droll smile bid him to "run along home and feed the boys," and added:

"Tell Peter that you are really required to obey the Bible by getting in the maimed and the blind, and that he must be a better Christian than he is!"

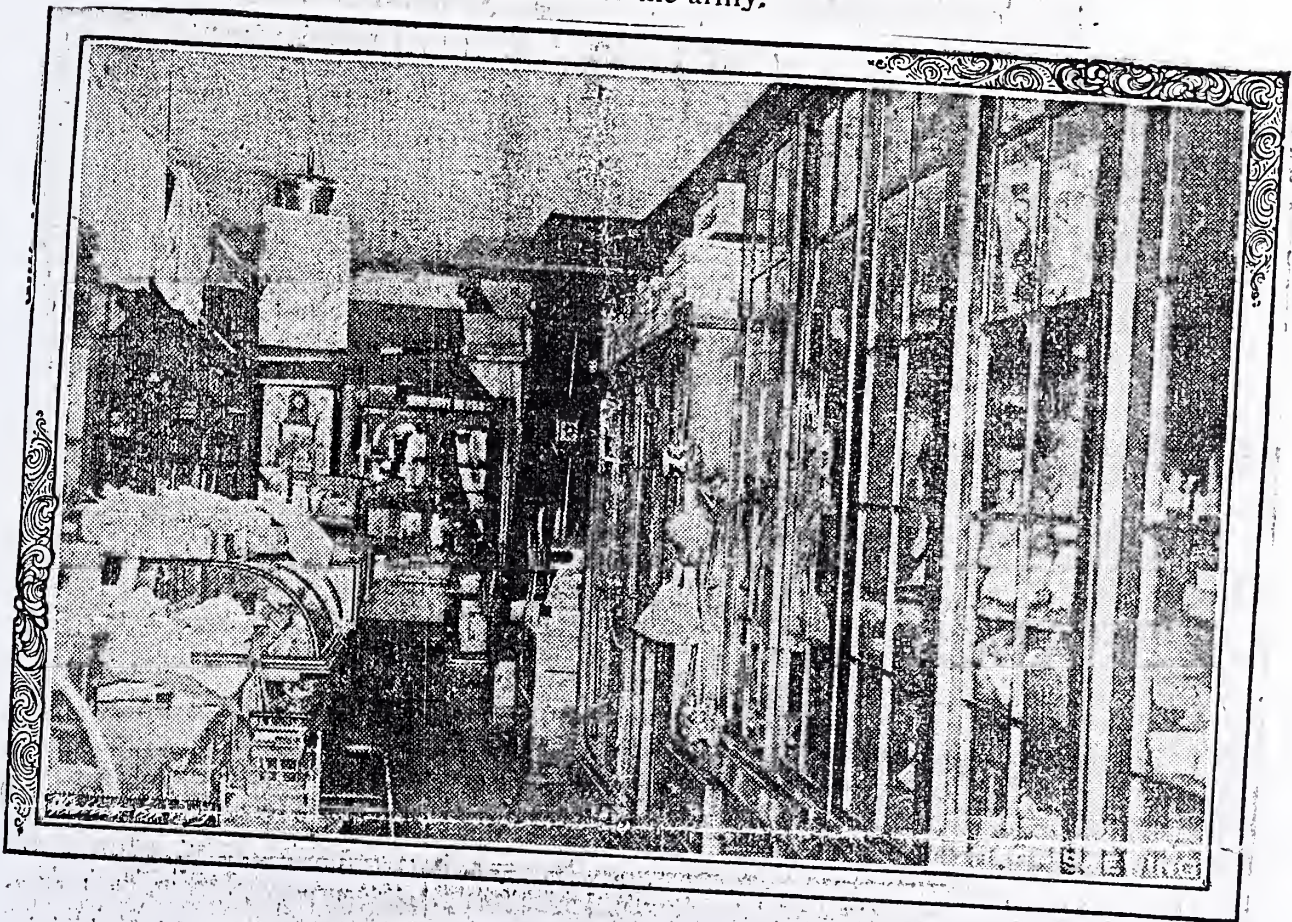
Lincoln Toy Shop Is Doomed

Old Landmark to Be Razed

TODAY, when Lincoln's birthday is celebrated, a legend that is known to but few people and is brought to mind by the announcement that the little place is to be torn down to make way for a more pretentious structure, seems opportune.

This building in Washington houses the "Toy Shop." It is said that Lincoln used to walk down to this shop with his son "Tad" to allow the youngster to feast his eyes on the countless treasures of childhood displayed for sale.

On one of these trips and at the time when Lincoln could find no suitable commander-in-chief for his army, "Tad" teased his father to buy him a company of tin soldiers. These gayly decorated toys stood on wooden pedestals, but the tin general was broken and would not stand. The clerk in charge suggested that a fine upstanding captain might do for a commander and the sale was made. It is said that the suggestion made a deep impression on the President and that from it he found a way out of his difficulty. Soon after the purchase the announcement came that Captain Ulysses S. Grant had been made commander-in-chief of the army.



Interior of the Old Toyshop in Washington, Often Visited by Lincoln.

Washington Daily Eagle 2-12-1913

The Story "Tad" Lincoln's Nurse Told

By J. H. MANSFIELD, D.D.

The minister who has reported for *The Christian Advocate* Mrs. Pomroy's extraordinary account of Mr. Lincoln's religious experience is one of the best known and most honored of our retired ministers in New England. He writes that he received the following facts from Mrs. Pomroy's own lips 1913

IT was my good fortune to learn, from reliable authority, some very interesting facts about President Lincoln's religious life. During my pastorate at Walnut Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Chelsea, Mass., from 1861 to 1863, I became acquainted with Mrs. Rebecca Pomroy. She was a woman about fifty years old, of strong mind, cultured and graceful, and in every respect a lady. She had just buried her husband, the last of her family, and she was left alone, sad and depressed. In August that year, though a Baptist, she went with our people to Asbury Grove Camp Meeting. Those were days when camp meetings were a power for good. She was wonderfully blessed. When she came home she was so lifted above her sorrows that she wanted to devote herself to doing good to others.

This was during the Civil War, and there was a call for nurses for the soldiers' hospitals in Washington. Mrs. Pomroy felt that this was an opening of Providence, and immediately volunteered for the service, and was accepted. After she had been there a few weeks President Lincoln's son Thomas, commonly known as "Tad," was taken sick with typhoid fever and Mrs. Pomroy was selected to nurse him.

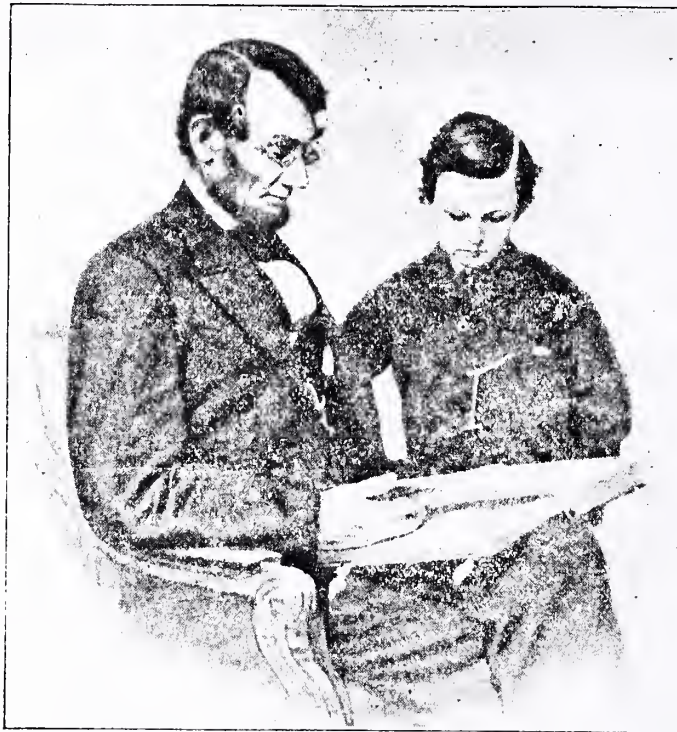
After the lad began to recover, his father said to Mrs. Pomroy one day, "You have been in this sick-room most of the time since Tad was taken sick. Would you not like to ride out this afternoon and take the fresh air?"

She consented, and he said, "I will come for you with a carriage at three o'clock."

He came, and as soon as they were seated in the carriage, he said: "How does it happen that a woman of your character and ability should be a volunteer nurse in the soldiers' hospital?"

The good woman then told him the sad story of her life.

When about twenty she was married to the man whom she loved. He had a good business and their prospects were bright. In a year or two a little girl came to bless the home. She was a beautiful child, but she was only lent to them for a few short years, when God took her back to adorn His Kingdom. Another came, but this little earth-angel in a few years was nipped by the frosts of death, and went to join her sister. After they had been married about ten years her husband's health failed, and he be-



ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS SON "TAD"

From the original negative made early in 1861 by Brady, now in the collection of F. H. Meserve, New York

came a great care. To keep the wolf from the door she opened a little store in one room, and sold bread and cake, pins and needles, etc. The neighbors had great respect and sympathy for her and traded with her to help her. Her husband lived nearly twenty years, then passed away, leaving her disconsolate and alone. All this she recounted and then told the President how God had blessed her at the camp meeting and how she loved Him.

"What!" said Mr. Lincoln. "love Him who has taken away your children and husband, broken up your home and left you penniless?"

"Yes, Mr. Lincoln," she said. "I feel God knows best what is best for me, and I can trust Him, and love Him, and, though I loved my family and home dearly, I never was so happy in my life as now."

This made an impression on the President, and in a few days he again invited her to ride.

As soon as they were well seated Mr. Lincoln said to Mrs. Pomroy: "I want you to tell me your history again."

"I told it all to you the other day," she said.

"Yes," said he, "and it has greatly impressed me, and I want to hear it all again, just as you told it before."

So she told him the story again, and as she referred to her experience at the camp meeting, and how God overwhelmed her with His love, and how happy she was every day, the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

"Now," she said, "Mr. Lincoln, that is what you need, a personal love for God, and the knowledge that you are accepted of Him."

He then requested her to pray for him, that he might gain this state of mind, and he prayed for it himself. During the next few weeks a great change came over him. Hitherto he had believed in God, and the Bible, and had prayed, but had enjoyed no experience in religious things. Now he seemed to love and trust God.

At Mr. Lincoln's request Mrs. Pomroy stayed at the White House three or four months after the boy's recovery. Often when a battle was being fought he would ask her to go to her room and pray for the success of our army, while he would go to his room and pray. Mrs. Pomroy often heard him praying in his room. She believed that he experienced what we call "conversion."

WINCHESTER, MASS.

Tad Lincoln. 1875-

Tad Lincoln, the youngest of President Lincoln's four sons, was eight years old when his father went to the White House. He was a merry, lovable, mischievous boy, generally happy and jolly, although Miss Helen Nicolay tells us in her "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln" of one time when Tad must have been unhappy. One of the Lincolns' neighbors was "attracted to the door one day by hearing children cry. He saw Mr. Lincoln striding by with two of his sons, both wailing loudly. 'Why, what is the matter with the boys' he asked. Just what is the matter with the whole world,' was Lincoln's answer. 'I've got three walnuts, and each boy wants two.'"

Tad had pretty much his own way in the White House; he was permitted to roam where he would, interrupt whom he might, and beat his little drum about the corridors until his own ears ached, to say nothing of the tortured ears of Senators and Congressmen, diplomats and ministers. When artists came to paint the President's portrait, and establish themselves with their easels and their fat tubes of paint in the President's room, Tad and his brother, William, lost no time in getting hold of that glorious paint and using it on each other's noses and chins. The artists' annoyed protests finally brought from Mr. Lincoln the mild remonstrance, "Boys, boys, you must not meddle. Now run away and have your faces washed."

Mr. Lincoln was always lenient with his children. When they clamored about and over him, he pushed them aside with gentle hands, but he never turned them out of the room or rebuked them. Secretary Stanton used to turn white with fury when he saw his chief, with infinite patience, break off from an important state discussion and listen to one of Tad's tales.

The great day of the boy's life was that on which he staged a wonderful circus in the attic of the Executive Mansion. All went well for a time, for the collie did not hate cats and the little cur was securely tied, and could only emit piercing barks. But when Tad induced part of his audience to help him bring up the goat, trouble began. There was much butting and bumping, pushing and tail wagging on the part of old "White Bill," who had no ambition to excel in entertaining the public, and the excitement finally unnerved the collie, who made a dive for Bill, and paid back an old grudge with a horrid little bite. Bill would not

stand that, and down the attic stairs came cats and audience, dogs and Tad, tumbling and racing in one grand mix-up. That affair was unique in the White House, and nothing of the kind has ever been permitted since.

Abraham Lincoln was always very careful to use words that his boys could comprehend, and they never failed to take an interest in his affairs. It was on April 11, 1865, after the surrender of General Lee's army, that Mr. Lincoln was speaking from a White House window to a large crowd gathered below, and he asked them the question, "What shall we do with the Confederates?" A voice answered from the crowd, "Hang them!"

Tad, from within the room, saw his father's pained expression, and he shouted, "No, no, papa, not hang them! Hang on to them!" And Mr. Lincoln's smile was radiantly grateful as he shouted to the crowd below, "Tad has got it! We must hang on to them!"

Four days later the father was dead, and before he was nineteen Tad followed him to the grave. The world lost a brave and sunny spirit when Tad Lincoln died.

LINCOLN

cheers his

SICK BOY



IT WAS my good fortune to see something of Abraham Lincoln when he was a tender father mourning for his dead son and watching with anxious care at the bedside of the youngest child. We had seen Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, had studied the pale, grave face while waiting in the Senate chamber

ronting the assembled Congress and crowded galleries. We smiled at his awkward attempts to dispose of the tall ilk hat which was greatly in the way. Later, on the east portico, when we saw him take the oath of office and pronounce the inaugural address, it is part of the history of the day that Stephen A. Douglas held that roublesome hat! But the picture my memory holds most clearly and with the most reverence is in the homely setting of a child's sick-room.

It was in February, 1862; a time of darkness and perplexity for the Union. Mrs. Lincoln had entertained a large party of invited guests—perhaps by the advice of mistaken friends, perhaps to mark the first Winter in the White House, or to welcome distinguished strangers visiting in Washington. A storm of indignant criticism was aroused in the North by this unprecedented gaiety in the face of the nation's distress. On the very evening of this entertainment Willie Lincoln, a lad of ten or twelve, fell sick. After a short illness he died, but not before his younger brother, Tad, had also contracted the fever. At this crisis Mr. Lincoln applied to Miss Dix, who was the head of the Hospital Department of Nurses, asking if a woman could be spared to help them for a short time.

I was a young woman in the first flush of enthusiastic devotion to the Union cause. With other Washington ladies I had made handkerchiefs and havelocks and scraped lint till the first hospital was opened for the Volunteers, in the United States Patent Office. Here we worked till the first confusion was reduced to order, and now the more systematic work was being carried forward by Miss Dix's appointed nurses. I was, however, still an interested visitor, and I had signified to Miss Dix my readiness to fill any emergency call if desired.

She appeared before me one evening without warning. She said: "My dear, I have especial service for you to-night, and will wait for you to be ready."

This was her manner. She moved rapidly and noiselessly, spoke directly, her beautiful blue eyes looking straight at one, and in her clear tone there was no mistaking her meaning. When we were seated in the waiting carriage she made her next remark, saying: "I am taking you to the President's."

I exclaimed and objected. She said, "It is your duty to go there as much as to take care of a soldier boy. Mr. Lincoln has asked for our help. Willie died this morning,

I looked up into that care-worn, homely face and felt all my heart go out to him. Those "tender, true, pathetic eyes" looked into the deep recesses, and I was ready to confide to him the dearest secrets of my life.

TAD was a patient, uncomplaining little man in his sickness. The fever was running its course favorably, and his fancies were gratified if possible. He was always content and happy in his father's presence, or watching for his return if absent. The wonder grew how the busy man found so much time to spend with the boy, and how the sad heart brought so much cheer. If the face was care-worn and clouded at the door, Tad did not see it; there was always a smile for him and a cheery word, "How's the boy?"

Late in the evening he would come, sometimes after midnight, after getting last advices from the front. If Tad were awake, he gave me some of the items from the front, but usually all was quiet for patient and nurse, with promise of rest for both. Yet he insisted on sending me off for sleep and staying himself. "For I can lie down here with the boy," he said.

I remember few conveniences in the sick-room—only the necessities—and in comparison with the necessities of to-day it was truly simple. Mr. Lincoln made light of inconveniences with great philosophy. One night Tad was restless and wanted some mineral water. Mr. Lincoln found the bottle, but to get it opened was the puzzle. He had no corkscrew in his pocket, not even a jack-knife, I fancy, and he seemed not to know where to look for anything of this kind. (The picture of that great man helpless with the small bottle is to be remembered!)

I found in my pocket a small pair of scissors, which I handed him, asking if that would help. He seized it, saying: "Why yes, Miss Maria, it's just the thing!"

Then, the cork being out, another trouble arose—only one tumbler, and that half full of water. He looked at it ruefully; said: "That's too much water. What shall I do with it?" He motioned to throw it on the fire, but as if with a happy thought desisted, and said: "I guess I'll drink it."

One morning Mr. Lincoln said: "Now pa has some writing to do to-day. Shall he bring it here where the boy can see him write?"

"Oh, yes!" said Tad with eagerness.

So Mr. Lincoln himself brought a round table, a suitable chair and all the necessary articles, together with an armful of army commissions to be signed. He placed himself in exactly the proper position for Tad's convenience, and wrote with eye and a smile upon the boy. And so he signed his name for hours till the commissions were transferred one by one to the floor.

AS THE last was laid with deliberate satisfaction on top of the pile I asked if he would kindly write that name once for me.

Taking the sheet of paper I held, he said: "Certainly, Miss Maria," and as he wrote he said: "When I write my name for the public, I have to sign it Abraham Lincoln, but I like best the A. Lincoln, so I write it that way for you."

Perceiving also that I held a letter to be mailed, he said: "Shall I frank your letter, too?" Which he did, to the pleasant surprise of my friend and the wonder of the village postmaster who received the letter in his mail.

Mrs. Lincoln, being worn out and prostrated by the illness and death of Willie, all responsibility for family affairs seemed to rest on Mr. Lincoln's already burdened shoulders. The only servant who came to

Mrs. Lincoln's room was "Aunt Mary," a dear old Kentucky mammy from Mrs. Lincoln's old home, who looked upon Tad as the darling of her heart.

I fancy it was a haphazard game to get the President to find time for eating with any regularity. While the guests remained, the dinner-hour was as usual, and then I dined with the family, while "Aunt Mary" took my place in the sick-room.

The table-talk was naturally of current events and of the difficulties encountered in the first days of the war, when all was confusion and the Government constantly baffled by resignations or desertions of officers whose sympathies were with the South. In our social life of the city we had met this element most unexpectedly, and some dear associations were thus rudely broken up; yet I was hardly prepared to hear of the defection in high places. I can remember only snatches of the talk; it was interrupted by messengers. Once the private secretary came and held a short parley with the President. When he spoke of a message from the House, Mr. Lincoln excused himself, saying: "I suppose I must go."

This secretary was the young man, John Hay, whom the President chose in the face of protest against his youth and inexperience.

The talk was resumed on Mr. Lincoln's return, and he soon spoke of the resignation of Commodore Buchanan at the Navy Yard. He alluded to the pleasant social intercourse of their families and his great surprise at the resignation, adding: "There, So-and-So leaves the Navy Yard at the mercy of the South. If they had only known it, they could have come up the river to take possession, and we could not have prevented it."

He dwelt upon the time when the capital was cut off from the North through Baltimore. It was imperative to send a trusted messenger to Baltimore; so much seemed to depend on getting the right man. He said: "Seward was here and Scott was here, and we talked of Colonel B—— and others" (names I do not recall). "At last we decided upon Colonel B——, and to hasten the thing, Seward jumped into my carriage to bring him here, so that Scott should give him the whole thing."

THE colonel returned with Mr. Seward, received instructions and orders from General Scott, and asked for a half-hour to prepare for leaving. At the end of the half-hour he returned to resign his commission in the United States Army, as he could not fight against the South!

At length Mr. Lincoln said: "We did not know which way to look, or who could be trusted."

The North was indignant and clamorous to have such things punished. The papers said: "They are traitors; why don't you hang them?"

"True," mused Mr. Lincoln, "they ought to be hung—but then! Well, you see, we couldn't hang everybody!"

The dinner was ended, and we waited for the host to move. He had apparently forgotten us, and sat as if in a reverie, with his hands on the table and his head bowed. Presently in a low, earnest tone he said, as if summing up the whole matter: "I do not know how we ever got through those days without the help of Almighty God."

This scene abides with me, a deep conviction of the man's abiding trust in God.

THE days of my ministration ended when Mrs. Pomeroy could be spared from her wards, and she came to give better care, no doubt, to the boy than I knew. He was gradually improving, and in time recovered. To be again the pet and the torment of the household. He was with his father every possible moment; absent from him he was concocting every possible bit of mischief. He was a genuine, true-hearted, generous boy. Stories were told of his charity—especially how he took off his shoes and stockings for the barefoot boys he met, till his mother in despair absolutely forbade it. He argued: "They can't get any shoes. I guess you can buy me some more, and I'm so sorry for them."

After his father's death he said: "If pa had got well he would have forgiven the man who shot him; he forgave everybody."

Tad is ill, and Mrs. Lincoln is worn out and ill, too."

On arriving at the White House we went directly to Mrs. Lincoln's room, and Miss Dix presented me to her. And here was Mr. Lincoln standing before an open fire, his hands behind him and his tall, gaunt figure looming up as the center of interest. Miss Dix, introducing me, said: "You may feel she is too young to be trusted with your sick boy, but you will find her reliable."

I looked up at him, possibly with an appeal for a fair trial, for he approached me so kindly. Extending both hands to me, he said: "Well, all I can say is I hope she will turn to right away, for we need the help."



"Little Tad" Father's Pet

"Whatever became of Little Tad?" is the question I have been asked oftener in my work of bringing forth new stories about the greatest of all Americans. Even those whose memories cover the two generations from the time Abraham Lincoln was living in the White House seem confused about the identity of "the Child of the Nation." In Tad's day he was more widely known than Robert.

Tad, on account of the strange pet name his father had given him, has been confused with Willie, who died in the White House in February, 1862, or with Robert, who survived his father more than sixty years, to be secretary of war and United States ambassador to the court of Great Britain, as well as highly prominent in big business as president of the Pullman Palace Car company.

But the Lincolns' youngest son always will remain, "Little Tad" in the minds of the American people, though he grew to be a stalwart youth and lived a while in Germany, where, as has been related, he won the childish devotion of the little girl who was afterward married to the last of the czars of Russia and who heroically met the tragic fate of the Romanoff dynasty there.

In preparing this series of "New Lights" it has been necessary to review the many sources of light on Abraham Lincoln and his family. In this process of research for "things new and old" I have been surprised to find how many of the best Lincoln stories were started on their cheering way by the artist Frank B. Carpenter, who wrote "Six Months in the White House" after spending the first half year of 1864 there for the purpose of painting the now famous picture of "Abraham Lincoln Reading the Emancipation Proclamation to His Cabinet."

Near the President.

Carpenter wished to live near the President in order to catch his natural expression as well as to be at hand to arrange a sitting for the picture whenever possible. In that half year the painter saw and heard the best stories about Lincoln, which fact shows there were many times more stories which might have been related from and about Lincoln if some one had only been on hand to jot them down as Frank Carpenter was inspired to do; for Abraham Lincoln was himself a master story teller.

As one story suggests another, since I have been relating the new stories picked up in the course of twenty years writing for newspapers, books, magazines and moving pictures, I have received letters with stories from eye and ear witnesses

from all parts of the country, even dating back as far as Lincoln's young manhood. Since the appearance of this series of "New Lights" I have received word from Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Washington (state), Oregon and California, offering fresh anecdotes which have never been published about Lincoln, who became the source of more stories than any other human being in history.

Naturally Carpenter's little old book could not have been true to the life if he had not related a number of tales about "Little Tad," to the first of which I now refer in order to make these stories more intelligible to the present-day reader. Here is the great portrait painter's introduction of Tad Lincoln:

"Some photographers from Brady's gallery came up to the White House to make some stereoscopic studies for me of the President's office. They re-



The Rutledge tavern where Lincoln came to know Ann Rutledge.

quested a dark closet in which to develop the pictures and, without a thought that I was infringing upon anybody's rights, I took them to an unoccupied room of which 'Little Tad' had taken possession a few days before, and with the aid of a couple of servants, had it fitted up as a miniature theater with stage, curtains, orchestra, stalls, parquet and all. Knowing that the use required would not interfere with his arrangements, I led the way to this apartment.

Tad Asserts Rights.

"Everything went on well and one or two of the pictures had been taken, when suddenly there was an uproar! The operator came back to the office and said that Tad had taken great offense at the occupation of his room without his consent and had locked the door, refusing all admission. The chemicals had been taken inside and there was no way to get at them, he having carried off the key. In the midst of this conversation Tad burst in, in a earful passion! He laid all the blame upon me—said that I had no right to use his room, and that the men should not go in even to get their things, for they had no business in his room!

Mr. Lincoln had been sitting for photograph and was still in the chair. He said very mildly: 'Tad, go and unlock the door.' Tad went off, muttering, into his mother's room, refusing to obey. I followed him, but no coaxing would pacify him. On my return to the President, I found him sitting patiently in the chair, from which he had not risen. He said: 'Hasn't the boy opened that door?' I replied that I could do nothing with him—he had gone off in a great pet.

"Mr. Lincoln's lips came together firmly. Suddenly rising, he strode across the passage with the air of one bent on punishment and disappeared in the domestic apartments.

"Directly the President returned with the key to the theater, which he unlocked himself. 'There,' he said, 'go ahead; it is all right now.'

"He then went back to his office, followed by myself, and resumed his seat.

"'Tad,' said he, half apologetically, 'is a peculiar child. He was violently excited when I went to him. I said: 'Tad, do you know you are making your father a great deal of trouble?' He burst into tears, instantly giving me the key.'—Wayne Whittle, in the New York World.

STAMFORD, CONN., AUGUST 21
THE BRADY GALLERY

An interesting relic of President Lincoln's family is now to be seen in an antique furniture store in Washington. It is a brass breech loading cannon capable of throwing a two-ounce ball a mile, and was one of a pair made in the early days of the war by Frederick, a well known gunner, as playthings for little "Tad" Lincoln. The other gun was an exact model of the famous Dahlgren gun, and was bought a few days ago by Mrs. Dahlgren after Secretary Lincoln had identified it as having once belonged to "Tad." His mother, he says, would not allow "Tad" to use the dangerous toys, and finally gave them away to the furniture dealer.—July 14, 1883.

A Story of "Tad" Lincoln.

William Dickson, the member of the democratic national committee for the District of Columbia, has in his possession a valuable autograph of Abraham Lincoln. While the great enunciator was the occupant of the white house Dickson was the chief of a well-known fire company. Little "Tad" Lincoln was, like every other boy, fond of "running with the machine." He used to hang around the engine house, ready whenever a fire broke out to respond to the alarm with the rest. The members of the company bought little "Tad" a uniform, hat, shirt, and pantaloons, and he felt as if he had as much right about the engine as anybody else. But Foreman Dickson looked with much concern upon him and was ever fearful lest he might be hurt in the reckless haste with which the firemen always went to a fire, and to prevent accident he felt compelled to order the boy away. But the lad was not to be defeated in that way. He was determined to see the engine work again. One day Dick received an order signed by the president ordering him to bring his engine and men and pump out an old well in the white-house grounds. "Tad" had thrown into it all the dead cats and rubbish he could find, making it absolutely necessary for the health of everybody about the place that it be immediately cleaned out. It is this autographic order that Dickson now prizes so highly. The president was much amused at the boy's ingenuity, but concluded that the foreman was wise in keeping him from participating in the dangers to which the company was subjected in the line of duty.—Cleveland Leader.

Tad Lincoln—"Tadpole," as his father nicknamed him—made merry the life of the presidential mansion during its occupancy by Abraham Lincoln. Willie, his brother, had died in February, 1862, and Robert, the oldest, was away at school, so the President made "Tadpole" almost a constant companion. The degree of liberty enjoyed by the lad was almost scandalous, some staid Washingtonians thought.

A box of tools was given him, so he proceeded to make immediate use of them, not only in the stables and kitchen, but also in the finest rooms of the White House. The big table in the cabinet room made an excellent work bench. Before his experiments could be carried further, the tools disappeared mysteriously. Diligent inquiry by Tad failed to find anyone who knew what had become of the tools.

One day shortly before Christmas the boy took a fancy to a turkey which had been marked for execution and interrupted a meeting of the cabinet to obtain a reprieve for its life.

Whenever President Lincoln had a few minutes to spare he would play with Tad. Up and down the corridors of the White House they would romp, playing horse or hide-and-seek, or blind man's buff. Tad was intolerant of tutors. But his father didn't apply the rod; he just remarked: "The boy might as well run for a while—there'd be time enough for him to sober up and get sedate in the future."

"Tad" Was Tender-Hearted

The lively lad was also tender-hearted. Petitioners found out this trait and tried to get at the President through him. Sometimes he took them by the hand and dragged them forthwith into his father's presence. One poor woman came to the White House to get her husband out of prison. Tad found her in the corridor and rushed to his father with her story. He came back with a promise of help. The woman blessed him and cried, and "Tadpole" cried.

Like the other boys of the Civil War period, Tad had the military fever. The secretary of war commissioned him a lieutenant—the youngest of the United States volunteers. Twenty-five guns were sent over from the arsenal to the White House and the boy set up his headquarters in the basement. At once he proceeded to draft recruits from the gardeners and servant about the place to form a company. He not only drilled them and marched them about the grounds and through the halls of the house, but he kept them on guard duty one night. Either mutiny of the commander-in-chief interfered with his project, for that was the only night of guard duty by his company.

On another occasion when some from Boston were visiting the White House, the stately silence of the mansion was rudely shattered by the banging of a door at the far end of the main corridor and through the hall charged "Tadpole," yelling, snapping a long whip and driving a pair of goats hitched tandem to a kitchen chair. After a turn about the great East room he drove through the vestibule and down the front steps of the White House.

There was nothing, however, that gave Mr. Lincoln so much real pleasure in those days as his boys, Willie and Tad. Willie, the older, was a serious, reflective child, the workings of whose mind seemed to have interested Mr. Lincoln particularly. He was heard to say more than once, "He is like me—I thought and talked as he does."

In February of '62 came Willie Lincoln's death. It was a terrible blow to the President. Death had so often blasted his hopes, his grief at its coming had always approached the inconsolable, and he seems now to have been almost prostrated by his sorrow. Yet now, as before, deep as his suffering, he went on with his duties—serious enough duties in February of '62. He was forced, too, to carry Mary Lincoln through this crisis. Her grief was uncontrolled. No sense of her position, of Mr. Lincoln's need and of what her self-control might mean to him in their sorrow, seems to have influenced her.

*Became More Devoted
Than Ever to Tad* TARBELL
1883

THE death of Willie made Mr. Lincoln from this time on even more tender with Tad than he had been before. The boy stuttered, and Mr. Lincoln had always been indulgent with him for that reason. Now that indulgence was greater than ever. More and more, too, he made him his companion.

He was a willful, busy and uncontrolled child, constantly shocking Washington by his escapades. Probably the best description that has ever been given of Tad Lincoln was one written for the Tribune by John Hay at the time of the boy's death in 1871. He speaks of him as "the tricky little sprite who gave to the sad and solemn White House of the great war the only comic relief it knew."

Associated Researchers,
211 McGill Building,
CITY OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

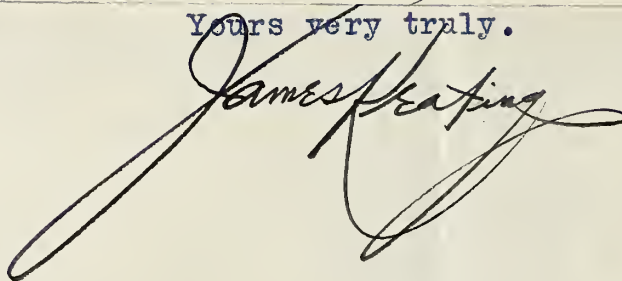
2nd. June.

1924.

Mr. Guy Richardson
Editor: Our Dumb Animals
Boston, Massachusetts.
Dear Mr. Richardson:

The "Christian Herald"
(Published In New York City); contains, in
the issue of May 31st., and article, entitled:
"How Tad Lincoln Kept The Faith."

Yours very truly.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "James Keating". The signature is written over the typed phrase "Yours very truly." and extends downwards and to the left.

I

"TAD" LINCOLN AS AN EDITOR

ONLY THREE COPIES OF BOY'S
AMATEUR PAPER NOW
ARE KNOWN

We made editorial reference, a few weeks ago, to a prized possession which adorned the Washington residence of the late Robert T. Lincoln. This was a framed copy of the first page of an amateur newspaper published by "Tad" Lincoln, the favorite child of the great war President. In its current issue the Fossil, official organ of the large and growing group of members who in their youth amused themselves with amateur publications, contributes a little more history of this forgotten episode in the life of this famous boy. "Tad" Lincoln's paper, it seems, was known as the Brown School Holiday Budget, and was published in Chicago in 1866. This was before the period of the amateur journalism which is so busily engaged in perpetuating its memories today, and only three copies of the Lincoln newspaper are known to be in existence. The collaborator with young Lincoln was Sterling P. Rounds, Jr., and, writing to the Fossil, Edwin Hadley Smith states that in 1898, seeing the name of Rounds in a Salt Lake City newspaper, he investigated and found that the bearer of this name was the boy chum of "Tad" Lincoln and was associated with him in the publication of the school paper.

Of the three existing copies of the Budget, one was in the possession of "Tad" Lincoln's brother, Robert T., as we have narrated, one was retained by Mr. Smith, who got it from Rounds after that gentleman had explored the recesses of an old trunk, and the third is in the Fossil Library in New York. Mr. Rounds later was more or less identified with amateur journalism as it is memorialized today. In the early '70s he contributed to Our Boys, and when Mr. Smith talked with him he recalled several of the well-known amateurs of his time, among them John E. Wilkie, afterward chief of the United States secret service, following a career in journalism, and now vice-president of the Chicago Railways.—[Boston Transcript.

1926

When Tad Lincoln Had "a Girl"

TAD LINCOLN in love? Abraham Lincoln's famous baby old enough to have a love affair?

The discovery comes as a shock, for America, across sixty-five years, has cherished Tad as the captivating infant who lightened Lincoln's tragic days in the white house.

So long as his father was alive everybody, it seemed, knew all about the mischievous, affectionate and tongue-tied little fellow who was the president's lone playmate. No prince of Wales was ever so celebrated as a child.

And yet no famous baby was ever lost to sight so quickly. Histories give vivid, immortal pictures of Tad's infancy—then, with the death of his father, drop him from notice. He has remained fixed in the public mind as a very little boy, and so far as his later life is concerned might have been said to die with his father, as though Americans, as a family, had decided to keep him always as a baby—a baby who never grew up.

In this mystery about his later boyhood there has lived a widespread public notion that he died in the white house, also that his nickname was a shortened form of "Thaddeus." As a matter of fact he died in Chicago six years after his father's murder and his name was Thomas, after his paternal grandfather. He was called "Tad" by his father, who thought he resembled a tadpole, so large was his head and so tiny his body.

THE fact that Tad lived long enough to "have a girl" was brought out the other day by Mrs. George B. Carpenter, one of Chicago's most distinguished women, a society grande dame and patron of music, who has been a belle of the city since the civil war.

Mrs. Carpenter was talking one day of her father, Dr. Levi D. Boone, pioneer Chicago settler, physician and mayor, who had emigrated to the swamp town from Kentucky in 1836 and who here brought eleven of his own children into the world. Mrs. Carpenter named them, herself next to the last, and then Mary, the youngest.

"That is Mary's picture there on the wall," she said, pointing. "When she was younger than you see her—say, in her fifteenth year—her beau was Tad Lincoln, son of the dead

president. Tad had come with his mother and older brother Robert to live in Chicago, arriving a few weeks after the funeral. Mrs. Lincoln stored a dozen trunks of clothes in a place provided by Daniel Tillingast, the husband of my sister Louise. Those trunks were celebrated in that day, for they held the gowns and fur coats—chiefly seals and sables—which Mrs. Lincoln was later to offer for sale to get living expenses for herself and her sons. It was an unfortunate scandal at the time. Afterward, when she could not dispose of some of the garments, she gave some of the coats to Mrs. Tillingast as mementos.

"Tad I remember as a youngster between 16 and 18—still a college boy—coming to our house on Washington street near State, where the Hillman store once stood. He was in love with Mary and took her skating and to parties—such functions as my parents thought proper. We regarded him as a very nice boy, much devoted to his mother, who was quite ill. He neither smoked, drank nor danced. The imperfection in his speech was slight—not enough to make him ineligible as a beau for a girl.

"Would Mary and he have married? I hardly think so, for while he was having what appeared to be the first love affair of his life Mary could hardly be said to share an emotion that deep. She liked him very much—probably nothing more. At any rate, the romance never developed into anything serious, for Tad died, and in later years Mary married a Mr. Gross of Lansing, Mich.

"How much he was like his father I could not say. Our family were democrats and followers of Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln's political opponent, so we were not intimate with Mr. Lincoln, although father knew him. I remember, however, that people said Tad looked much like the dead president."

Mrs. Carpenter's memory of what Chicagoans said of Tad's similarity to his father is verified by the boy's obituary notice in the Chicago Tribune of July 16, 1871, the day after his death. "He was tall and thin and resembled his father in many mental traits and characteristics," that account ran. "He bore his illness with patience and resignation."

THIS picture is in strange contrast to that which America has pre-

served of Tad in his baby days, when his impatience and headstrong antics were material for gossip for the nation. From his earliest years in Springfield, Ill., where he was born, April 4, 1853, Tad had been thoroughly "spoiled" by his father. With his brother, William—born Dec. 21, 1850—Tad cut many capers that irritated Abraham Lincoln's law partner, William H. Herndon, who would recall how they pulled down books from the

office shelves, ruined pen points, scattered legal papers every which way and threw pencils into spittoons—all without the slightest sign of disapproval from their father. "He never reproved them or gave them a fatherly frown," Herndon said.

That this indulgence increased, for Tad at least, when the family moved to the white house is proved by many witnesses. Julia Taft Bayne, a cousin of William Howard Taft, played with the Lincoln boys as a little girl and remembered how naughty Tad could be in church. Julia and Willie would sit in the presidential pew of the Fourth Presbyterian church of Washington, and while Willie would complain about the length of the prayers—"Preachers always pray so long for pa"—Tad would sit on the floor, where the congregation could not see him, and there play with whatever he had in his pockets. Once he cut his finger with a knife, and Julia, binding the wound, scolded him. The hot-tempered little fellow spoke out loud in the stillness, "You just keep your eye on Willie—sitting there good as pie."

THE death of Willie, less than a year after the family's arrival in Washington, served to make Tad doubly dear to his parents. His mother, always erratic of temperament, nearly lost her sanity, shunning, ever after, those rooms wherein Willie had died and where his corpse had been embalmed. The tragedy, with its domestic aftermath, drove Abraham Lincoln to seek affection and companionship in Willie's small brother. And Tad's defective speech—either a cleft palate or a tied tongue—served to endear him all the more to his father.

WHATEVER the boy wanted he got. If he asked for a goat, he soon was driving a team of the animals lickety-split up and down the long halls of the white house, terrorizing distinguished statesmen and generals who crowded to see the busy president. If he wanted a soldier's uniform, he soon had it—and a reg-

ular commission as a United States volunteer lieutenant to boot. Twenty-five regular army muskets were given him. With these he would arm the white house servants and drill them on the lawn. Once he dismissed the regulation guards and replaced them with his nondescript pickets. If he wanted to play "show," he had a little theater with curtains and lights built for him in the white house.

He wanted a box of carpenter's tools, and some office-seeker or United States senator, eager to please the president, presented the weapons with which Tad attacked the white-house furniture. His work bench, upon occasion, was the dignified table in the cabinet room. He drove nails in the mahogany desk used by John Hay, one of Lincoln's secretaries, and did much hammering and sawing on his father's bed, chairs and dresser, rampaging, almost without reproof, until he began upon the elegant furniture of the east room. Then a halt was called.

Once he discovered in the attic a box which controlled all the white house bells. He began experimenting. Servants, secretaries, coachmen, guards came jamming into the president's study. Hadn't he rung? No! "Maybe," said Lincoln quietly, "you'd better look for Tad?"

JULIA TAFT BAYNE remembered how a white house gardener went to the strawberry patch to gather some precious fruit, saved for a state dinner. The plants had been stripped. The gardener was told that the guilty party was "madam's little boy."

"Madam's little wildcat," the gardener shouted, correcting his informant.

Tad had the run of the executive mansion, slept much of the time with his father, accompanied him on many trips to military camps and fields, and seemed free to intrude upon cabinet meetings with demands that his papa quit talking and come play with him. Lincoln's way was to appease him, no matter how outraged his pompous ministers, Chase and Stanton, might be, and to send the little fellow off on some diverting mission and so let statecraft go forward. Sometimes Tad would discover people he liked among strangers who lined the anterooms, seeking audience with Lincoln, and, taking them in tow, the boy would brush past guards with his new friends and demand that his father attend to their cases.

ON THE night of April 11, 1865, when Lincoln made one of his most historic speeches from the steps of the white house, Tad played about his feet, gathering the sheets of manuscript which Lincoln dropped, one by one, as he finished them. It was the president's way of keeping Tad quiet. But Tad, having captured all the stray sheets, grew bored waiting for more, and, taking his father by the coat-tails, tugged stoutly, demanding, "Give me another paper, papa!" And at the conclusion of the speech, while crowds cheered and fireworks cracked in the air, Tad appeared at a win-

dow waving a confederate flag and whooping. Women in the onlooking throng said, "If he was my boy I'd spank him." Soon an attendant did snatch the little fellow back by the seat of the trousers. Breaking away, Tad shinned up his father's long legs, roaring his anger.

OFTEN Lincoln took the boy to the theater, particularly to Grover's, where Tad had the run of the house and where during a performance of "The Seven Sisters," a musical extravaganza, he went behind the scenes, donned a soldier's uniform, miles too big, and boldly marched upon the stage with a file of chorus men, singing "The Battle Cry of Freedom." His father, in a box, laughed heartily at the sight.

It was in this theater that Tad was sitting the night of April 14 when a man interrupted the performance to say that Abraham Lincoln had been shot in a neighboring opera house—Ford's. The tragedy almost broke the boy's heart, but it turned him from a baby into a little man.

Up to that time he had never dressed himself, although he was 12 years old. He had never gone to school. But now that his father was dead and his mother distraught he changed. His nurse was dismissed and he started to school. When his mother, moaning and weeping in the night, awakened him he would stand by her bed and soothe her, saying: "Don't cry, mamma, or I'll cry, too." He was her chief solace.

Seven weeks after Lincoln's death Tad came with his mother and brother, Robert, aged 22, to the Tremont house in Chicago. A week later they moved to Hyde Park, then a summer resort, seven miles south of town, remaining until fall, when Mrs. Lin-

coln bought a house at 375 West Washington street with \$16,000 out of the \$25,000 which congress had awarded her. In this house, which stood on the north side of the street between Elizabeth and Ann streets, the family lived until early in 1868, when poverty drove them to cheaper lodgings in the Clifton house, downtown.

With his new seriousness toward life Tad's speech improved. He attended Brown school and, although always behind in his studies, took some courses at Northwestern university. Late in 1869 his mother, frantic over the abuse which newspapers heaped upon her following her attempt to sell her white house clothes in New York, left for Europe, Tad in tow. For over a year they lived abroad, in the south of France, at Frankfurt-on-Main and in London.

"I AM so miserable," Mrs. Lincoln wrote to American friends, "I feel like taking my life. My darling boy, my Taddie alone, I fully believe, prevents the deed." At another time she wrote, "Taddie is like some old woman with regard to me. His dark, loving eyes watching over me remind me so much of his dearly beloved father."

Rapidly though Tad was developing, he still played with children younger than himself, including those of some aristocratic European families.

From Frankfurt Mrs. Lincoln wrote, "Tad's face is thinner. The food at the school does not agree with him." Perhaps it was not the food that was to blame. Perhaps the typhoid germs that were to kill him were already at work. Frankfurt authorities had warned citizens to drink beer, since the water was bad. Tad, as intense in his prejudices as was his mother, refused the beer. From infancy he had a strange hatred for all strong drink—one dubious explanation being that he had promised his father never to touch the stuff. At any rate, typhoid was in his blood when his mother brought him home in the spring of 1871. At the time of their arrival in Chicago in May he had what was thought to be a bad cold. One night he walked about the house in his night clothes and suddenly fainted. Dr. C. G. Smith, an important physician of the city, came. Tad seemed to drift away, lower and lower, in much pain. "Dropsy of the chest," the newspapers called his ailment. At 7:30 the morning of July 15 he died from "compression of the

heart." He lay next day in state at the home at 653 Wabash avenue his brother Robert had taken after his marriage in 1869.

* * *

"IT HAS been a fearful blow to Mrs. Lincoln," said the Chicago Tribune the morning of July 16. "Her physician dreads that it may produce insanity, though hopeful of averting so sad a calamity." The blow may have hastened Mrs. Lincoln's madness, but it did not cause it. A dread disintegration of her brain had set in years before, and was to progress slowly, steadily, until it brought her death eleven years to the month after Tad's funeral.

The First Presbyterian church saw the services over Tad's long, thin body, and the same railroad that had borne his father's corpse to Springfield six years before took Tad to the town where he had seen his first sunrise.

A crypt was opened in the Lincoln monument at Oak Ridge cemetery and Tad slept again with his father.

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Lincoln's Love for Children Recalled by Louisville Man

Death of Two Brought Great Sorrow Into His Life; Check Given Tad for Taking Medicine.

By A. B. MACDONALD

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LEXINGTON, Ky., Feb. 12.—"The story that I am going to give to you speaks of the great heart and tender soul of Abraham Lincoln and of his abounding love for his children, and of the sorrows that came into his life because of the death of two of them, and the almost fatal sickness of a third. A part of this story has never been told in print before," said the lawyer, William H. Townsend.

We were in the living room of his home here, in Mentelle park, named after Madame Victorie Charlotte Leclaire Mentelle, who kept a select boarding school on the very site of the Townsend home.

Mary Ann Todd, who afterward became the wife of Abraham Lincoln, was the daughter of Robert S. Todd, a wealthy man of Lexington.

When Mary Ann Todd was 14, in 1832, she entered the school of Mme. Mentelle and spent four years there. Now, almost on the very spot where she was a school girl a century ago, stands the Townsend home, filled from cellar to garret with things that touched the Lincolns intimately.

Bank Check for Tad.

"I prize more highly than anything else in my collection this little strip of blue paper, a bank check filled out by Lincoln and given to his little son, Tad," said Mr. Townsend, and then continued his story.

"The first child of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln was Robert, named after Mrs. Lincoln's father. He lived to a ripe old age, and through his hands this check came to me. Their second child, Eddie, was born in Springfield, Ill.

"In 1850, Eddie, then 4 years old, was stricken with diphtheria in the Lincoln home in Springfield. For two long weeks Lincoln and Mary, his wife, sat beside the little cot in the upstairs bedroom, striving desperately with fate. The outcome was told in the musty files of the Illinois Daily Journal of Feb. 2, 1850, as follows:

"As drizzling rain dripped from the wide eaves of the house on Eighth street, the angel of the White Horse

rode out of the low hanging mist and bore little Eddie away to perennial playgrounds."

Never Scolded Them.

"After Lincoln became president, his sons, Robert, Willie and Tad, went with him to the White House. Soon thereafter Robert entered Harvard college. Lincoln spent all the time he could with his two boys, Willie and Tad.

"To others, the two boys often seemed troublesome as they romped and ranged, lawless, but lovable, through the White House. They put on minstrel shows in the attic, harnessed dogs, goats and ponies to carts and drove them through the executive mansion. If they swarmed too persistently over Lincoln's body he brushed them off, but he never scolded them, never reproved them except in the mildest way, never turned them out of a room. Once he came into his office with a boy in each arm and both crying vociferously. A visitor asked:

"What's the matter?"

"Just what's the matter with the whole world; I've got three walnuts and each boy wants two," replied Lincoln.

Both Boys Stricken.

"In February, 1862, when Willie had just entered his 12th year and Tad his 10th, both were stricken with typhoid fever. At this time Lincoln was passing through his darkest and most trying days of the war. He loved not only his own boys, but all boys. The army was to him just somebody's boys, his boys.

"On the night of Feb. 20, Willie died and as Lincoln lifted the cover from the face of his boy he stood a long time gazing upon it.

"My poor boy. He was too good for this earth," he exclaimed. He was heartbroken. No one could comfort him. He walked the floor murmuring, 'This is the hardest trial of my life. Why is it? Why is it?'

"After the burial of Willie, all the love of Lincoln's heart was lavished upon Tad. Many have supposed his name was Thaddeus. But the little fellow's name was Thomas after Lincoln's own father.

"When he was a baby Lincoln called

him Tadpole. Later he shortened that to Taddle and then to Tad.

Have Secret Code.

"He was a lovable lad, with an impediment in his speech, which seemed to make Lincoln love him all the more. Tad and his father had made up a secret code of their own, three short raps and then a pause and two more raps, and Lincoln had agreed that no matter what the door was locked, or how important the conference he might be having, when Tad gave those particular raps upon the door Lincoln would have to admit him.

"One day Lincoln was conferred with a delegation about a bill compensating emancipation when there was a knock. It was Tad's nurse sent by Mrs. Lincoln to tell the President that Tad had refused absolutely to take any more medicine.

"The doctor left strict orders that Tad must take his medicine," said the nurse. 'But Tad refuses and nothing that Mrs. Lincoln or I can do will change him. Mrs. Lincoln insisted that you be told.'

"Lincoln excused himself and walked out into the corridor. He said to the nurse: 'You stay out here while I go in alone to see Tad.'

Paid to Take Medicine.

"Within a few minutes Lincoln came out and said to the nurse:

"It's all right, Tad and I have fixed things up."

"The nurse went in and Tad was sitting propped up by pillows that Lincoln had placed behind him, and in his hand was this check. His poor little voice, weakened by the ravages of the fever, piped up:

"Bring my medicine, I'll take it."

"After Tad had fallen asleep the nurse took the check from his hand, and here it is," said Mr. Townsend, and he laid upon the table a morocco bound case with the check sunk into it, behind glass, to preserve it. It was a check upon the bank of Riggs & Co., with a picture of the banking house across one end, numbered 79, and dated March 10, 1862. It read:

"Pay to Tad (when he is well enough to present) or bearer, five dollars, \$5.00. A Lincoln."

Picture of Robert Lincoln.

Behind glass, in the same case, was a picture of Tad at Lincoln's side listening to his father read from a huge book, with clasps, laying open upon his knees, and also a photograph of Robert Lincoln, taken in 1862, and a letter written by Robert Lincoln telling the story of how and why the check was given:

"To persuade Tad to take his medicine."

"Tad got well and lived until 1918, when he died in Chicago," said Mr. Townsend.

Lincoln and his son, Tad, continued to be the closest of friends and chums. On the evening of April 11, 1865, three days before Lincoln was slain, a crowd with brass bands, celebrating the end of the war, gathered in the White House grounds. Lincoln, with Tad beside him, appeared upon a balcony and the President began reading a speech. He held a candle in one hand and his written speech in the other. As he finished reading a sheet he let it fall and Tad tried to catch the pages as they dropped.

TAD THE COMMISSIONED OFFICER

Tad, having been sportively commissioned a lieutenant in the United States Army by Secretary Stanton, procured several muskets and drilled the men-servants of the house in the manual of arms

without attracting the attention of his father. And one night, to his consternation, he put them all on duty, and relieved the regular sentries, who, seeing the lad in full uniform, or perhaps appreciating the joke, gladly went to their quarters. His brother objected; but Tad insisted upon his rights as an officer. The President laughed but declined to interfere, but when the lad had lost his little authority in his boyish sleep, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States went down and personally discharged the sentries his son had put on the post.

Mr. Lincoln was frequently to be seen alone, leaning wearily against the pillars of the porch with his deep, sad eyes turned toward the great city, no doubt thinking upon the battlefields beyond, with a heartache that probably no other President will ever know.

Key
The Springfield Republican
THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1936

**"TAD" LINCOLN ISSUED
FIRST SCHOOL PAPER IN
CHICAGO 69 YEARS AGO**

Sixty-nine years ago last Christmas week thirteen-year-old Tad, son of President Lincoln, pulled from off a decrepit press Vol. 1, No. 1 of the Brown School Budget, the first school newspaper ever printed in Chicago.

This amusing document was on exhibit in the Lincoln hall of the Chicago Historical Society during the Christmas vacation.

Edited with all the enthusiasm of youth under most happy conditions, journalism projects of grammar-grade children today often show remarkable ability, but in 1866 the editing of a school paper was a feat as yet unattempted.

But the young son of Abraham Lincoln and a fellow classmate published a holiday issue of their school news sheet which compares favorably with those of today. "Published occasionally" and "edited by S. P. and Tad," was written in the headlines. Evidently little Tad, with his slight impediment of speech, could write better than he could talk.

The ambitious young editors started out by asking the indulgence of their readers, as "We make our bow, kind teachers and pleasant playmates, and present to you our 'Holiday Budget,' wishing you one and all a Merry Christmas and lots of them."

Quaint cartoons of the "editorial corps" are on the last page of the four-page paper. Their cylinder press was a second-hand one, formerly used at army headquarters. The editors—S. P. Rounds, Jr., and Thomas Lincoln—wrote of those presses: "Oh, if they could only talk, what stories could they tell!"

At the time of the printing of this paper Tad was living with his widowed mother and brother, Robert T. Lincoln, in a small cottage on West Washington Street. The Brown School which he attended was about three-quarters of a mile west of them.—Publisher's Auxiliary.



Common Sense and Children

By DOROTHY BLAKE

I SAT in the children's room of a public library a few months ago reading one of the most appealing stories in history. My eyes filled with tears for I was learning in detail of the tenderness and love between a great man and a small boy—the story of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and his sensitive little son "Tad"—short for Tadpole. And "My Papa-Day" was the boy's name for this gentle strong father who filled his life and heart. Often Lincoln found happiness and relaxation in playing games, reading stories, sitting near Tad to smile into his adoring face.

Three short, then two long taps on the heavy door which closed off the meeting of the Cabiner. Lincoln rose to open it. "I promised never to go back on the code Tad and I made together," he said as he admitted the eager boy.

"Never go back on the code!" What a deal of trouble would be saved if all fathers with small sons were to follow that to the full

of grief and responsibility which Lincoln carried.

So it is not all on one side—this giving. A little boy can bring to his father such an overflowing gift of love and loyalty that the knowledge of its possession lights up dark places of work and worry.

But this relationship doesn't just happen. It has to be worked for and planned for. Time must be salvaged, some way, from the rushing hours and days and years, to spend together. For after a while, this small boy is going to grow up. He will enter the years of adolescence when outside interests, inner tensions, will make getting close to him pretty hard—unless the start was made in his little days.

"We have never had any trouble with our boy, who is now seventeen," wrote one of our readers, "for his father has always stayed close to him in companionship and done things with him since he was a little fellow."

And then a letter from a mother who says, "Our children have

such a grand good father but too busy, he thinks, to give them comradeship—although he has given them everything else. Now they are nearly grown and it is too late. Fathers and mothers both make this mistake."

So many of us do—fathers more than mothers only because the children's activities are part of a woman's life—with a man they must be planned to be shared. How easy it is to mistake the comparative value of what we do *for* our children and what we do *with* them.

depth of its meaning. The code made together in affection and understanding between youth, which is daring and yet inexperienced and fearful of itself, and maturity, which should be wiser and ready to lend a helping hand.

Often in the evening Tad would fall asleep in a secluded corner of the executive offices until the President picked him up and carried him to bed. Sometimes, later, he would creep into his father's bed like a kitten and his loving comradeship relieved the burden

Making Conversation

By J. EMIL SMITH

Thomas "Tad" Lincoln, youngest son of Abraham Lincoln, was a playmate of Isaac R. Diller. Recalling his association with the martyred president's son, Mr. Diller related this story the other day:

Owing to an imperfection in "Tad's" speech, Mrs. Lincoln took him to Germany where he was placed in school in Frankfort - on - the - Main and where he succeeded in entirely overcoming his affliction. While in this select school, the pupils coming from the higher walks of life asked him who his father was. His answer was: "My father was a rail splitter."



This information caused his fellow students to shun his company. They soon noticed, however, that many prominent Americans came to see him and making inquiry of the headmaster of the school for the reason were informed that his father was the late martyred president of the United States.

Seeking to make amends for their treatment, the students asked "Tad" why he had not told them of his parentage. His reply was: "My father was a rail splitter but I am not going to depend on my father's reputation but will make one of my own."

Upon the death of "Tad," the family desired that his playmate, Isaac R. Diller, be one of his pallbearers but the latter was spending the summer with relatives in Sterling.

Mr. Diller has in his possession the newspaper account of "Tad's" death in Chicago and his burial in one of the crypts in Lincoln's tomb in this city. The funeral was held at the First Presbyterian church, then located at Third and Washington streets.

The newspaper account referring to the young man's life said: "His moral firmness may well be illustrated by the fact that while in Europe where the custom of beer and wine drinking is so common among boys, as well as men, he uniformly refused to taste or have anything to do with intoxicating beverages of any kind."

"While a boy in Washington he joined a temperance society. He was a manly boy, having at an early age imbibed the moral qualities of his distinguished father whose good counsel he always has carefully cherished and adopted."

2
TAD

Kenesaw M. Landis II:

White House Goats In Lincoln's Regime

ABRAHAM LINCOLN had one advantage over President Roosevelt. He had only one son old enough to be in long pants.

None of his sons got married and showed up with strange women at the White House, which was lucky for the President, because Mrs. Lincoln had a notoriously jealous disposition.

After little Willie died in 1862, it was feared that Mrs. Lincoln would lose her mind, and that is why the President allowed her to keep Robert, the oldest boy, out of military service.

"We have lost one son," she was overheard to say to him hysterically, "and his loss is as much as I can bear."

The President pleaded, "But many a poor mother, Mary, has had to make this sacrifice and has given up every son she had and lost them all."

It was no use. Robert, nicknamed "The Prince of Rails" by the press, was forced to spend the war at Harvard College, in spite of his own desire to volunteer.



*** Took His Military Duties Seriously.

"WHY is it," asked the *Philadelphia Age*, "that Mr. Lincoln's sons should be kept from the dangers of the field, while the sons of laboring men are to be hurried into the harvest of death at the front?"

But Tad, the remaining son, was only 9 years old, and not many people complained when the Secretary of War gave him a colonel's commission which he probably hadn't earned.

There is evidence that Tad took his military duties seriously. After he got his uniform, complete with belt and sword, he made requisitions on the commissary, signing himself "Col. Tad Lincoln."

One night he discharged the regular White House guard and mustered into service all the gardeners and servants, after drilling them and issuing muskets.

*** Sometimes Abed with Two Goats.

BUT in addition to his military duties, Tad had a great interest in animals. He wasn't breeding any bull mastiffs, but he kept two goats at the White House and sometimes went to bed with them.

The colonel's interest in goats caused great excitement one day when his mother was entertaining some Boston ladies in the dignified East Room of the White House.

There was a sudden racket, a shout, "Look out there!" and Tad came through flourishing a long whip and driving his goats, hitched tandem to a kitchen chair.

There were no airplanes in those days, but the telegraph was new. When Tad was out of town on shopping leave with his mother, the goats had priority on the crowded wires.

In response to one inquiry from the colonel, the President wired, "Tell Tad that the goats and father are very well, especially the goats."

Fortunately for the harassed President, Tad wasn't old enough to make him the goat.

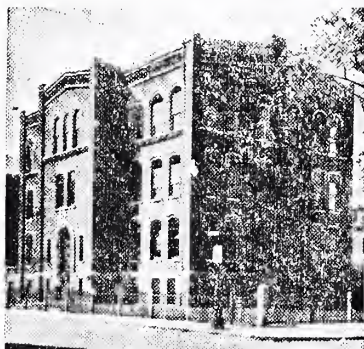
Chicago Daily News
Sept. 10, 1948

Historic Chicago Sites

By JOHN DRURY

THE BROWN SCHOOL.

The Brown School, oldest building in Chicago still used by grade pupils, is known popularly as "Tad Lincoln School." An historical marker at the south entrance of the city's "little red schoolhouse," 1758 Warren av.,



First Steam Heat School.

explains that President Lincoln's son Thomas, or "Tad," was a pupil there after the assassination of his father. This was when the widowed Mrs. Lincoln lived in a house a few blocks east of the school, on Washington blvd.

But Tad Lincoln, whose antics as a child in the White House amused the nation as well as his father, was not the only famous person to attend the Near West Side school. According to Miss Pearl I. Field, founder and honorary president of the West Side Historical Society, this 86-year-old school was attended by dozens of persons who became famous. Among them were Florenz Ziegfeld, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Cyrus

Hall McCormick, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Lillian Russell, Myrtle Reed and Gen. Nathan W. McChesney.

The three-story edifice was built in 1857 at a cost of \$2,800. Said to be the first Chicago school to have steam heat, it was named after William H. Brown, first business manager of the school board.

After her husband's funeral at Springfield, Ill., in 1865, Mrs. Lincoln and her two sons, Robert and Tad, lived on the Near West Side then a fashionable section of the city. Tad was 12 when they moved there. In 1866 he entered the Brown School and studied there a full term.

Described as "tall and thin and resembling his father in many mental traits and characteristics," Tad Lincoln, while at the Brown School, became editor of the school paper, The Brown Spot. In 1867 he was taken out of the school when his mother moved to cheaper quarters downtown.

Although Tad Lincoln was forgotten by the American public after the assassination of his father, he grew old enough to have a romance while living in Chicago.

This was first brought out in an article in The Midweek section of The Daily News of Feb. 5, 1930 which revealed that Tad's girl, whom he took skating and to parties, was Mary Boone, youngest daughter of Dr. Levi D. Boone, pioneer Chicago settler, physician and mayor. But Tad died when he was 18 and was buried beside his father at Springfield, Ill.

December 12, 1949

Mr. Leslie Lincoln Dunham
Winthrop Senior High School
Winthrop, Massachusetts

My dear Mr. Dunham:

Inasmuch as it has been nearly a year since my visit to Winthrop when I spoke at your High School you may not recall who I am but possibly the Lincoln picture on the stationery will be a clue to my identity.

There is a picture, or there was a picture at one time in the possession of Mrs. Arthur C. Dunham which was given to Mrs. Dunham's paternal grandmother, Mrs. R. R. Pomeroy of Chelsea. The picture is a likeness of Tad Lincoln, the youngest son of the President and the picture of it was shown in the Boston Herald for February 7, 1909.

If it is possible I should like very much to get a copy of the picture, or possibly the picture itself might be available and I am wondering if you would make some inquiries as to its whereabouts.

Thanking you for any courtesies you may be able to extend in this matter, I am,

Very truly yours,

LAW/DPB
L. A. Warren

Director

Herb Graffis

Tad Lincoln Ghosts for Grandpa

FOR A LITTLE WHILE after his father was killed Thomas (Tad) Lincoln, youngest son of the president, went to the Brown School at 1758 W. Warren Blvd. Tad didn't stay there long. His mother was fidgety and more than slightly "teched," as they used to say in the amateur psychiatric diagnoses of those pre-psychiatrist days.

She would play croquet with Tad in the yard of the home they occupied out on Washington Blvd., where the Prairie Farmer building now is. Mothers weren't supposed to be such tomboys in those times.

Tad was taken out of Brown School by his mother and put into schools in England and Germany. The lad was full of pep and bright; but he had an impediment in his speech, possibly a result of scarlet fever, and he couldn't have had a smooth time of it as a schoolboy.

He was about 13 years old when he went to the Brown School. He died when he was 18.

The Brown School was nine years old when Tad Lincoln went there. It's one of the four oldest school buildings still in use in the U.S. and the oldest being used in Chicago.

There's a bit of Lincoln history tied up with American school history by a copy of "The Brown School Holiday Budget" in the fascinating and instructive Chicago Historical Society in Lincoln Park.

Printed about Christmas, 1866, it is believed to be the first elementary school paper to appear in the United States. Its front page carries a piece written by Tad Lincoln.

HE WROTE "What Grandpa Says," a columnist's sort of a job in which he poses as grandpa giving good advice to the young. It is a pet pattern for columnists and editorial writers, although the older craftsmen do not limit their sage council to the juveniles.

Tad never knew either one of his grandpas, but, being instinctively a columnist, he didn't disqualify himself as an authority simply because he didn't know what he was writing about. He wrote what he thought a grandpa should write.

He had a lively imagination, good judgment for a youngster of that

age, and a fluency in written words that still is a fine par for the course in Brown School's eighth grade or in any other Chicago school where 13-year-old boys and girls are being educated.

The youngsters wrote big words in those days long ago, and they put the big words in where the words fitted. Responsible—respected—requisite—usefulness—indispensable—principles—application. Those are some of the words that came off the pen of the Lincoln son who had just entered his teens.

* * *

WHEN I read what boys and girls wrote in the '50s and '60s I think that we haven't done as well as we might have done in teaching youngsters to express themselves clearly in writing.

Quite often I get letters in which youngsters present interesting ideas that are fogged by bad writing. I've been bothered by the inability of the young people to get their thoughts better organized on paper but I suppose there isn't the wide gap between their prose and that of Tad Lincoln that there is between my compositions and those of Tad's father.

Perhaps I shouldn't even have mentioned the matter. It ruins my standing as one to advise the young.

* * *

I'D BETTER let them have a few lines from Tad Lincoln's Brown School column:

"Have you formed such plans for the future as will make your name, if not great, respected?"

Any 13-year-old kid reading the papers these days could write another Brown School paper piece on men who haven't paid due attention to having their names respected.

The kids probably see the tragedy of that mistake better than we cynical grandpas do.

And the youngsters probably have even more contempt than their grandpas do for men who have failed to live with the decency we recommend to the young.

By the Way...

Today's couplet: The housing shortage is nothing new—there was once an old woman who lived in a shoe.



Graffis

CHI-Sun-Times - 6-20-51

Famed Old Brown School To Be Razed

By Jack McPhaul

Time has run out on the Brown Elementary School. The semester to begin next September probably will be the last in the school's history. Then it will be just one year short of a 100-year-run in the business of educating Chicago children.

The four-story red brick structure, erected in 1857 at Warren and Wood, will be razed together with its three-story annex. The Board of Education will build a new Brown School at 54 N. Hermitage.

If there be among the wrecks a man with a sense of history he's sure to be conscious of ghosts. They'll be the ghosts of children who grew up to become world famous.

Galaxy Of Notables

An amazing galaxy of destined notables learned their ABCs and got their first diplomas at old Brown. To name a few:

Florenz Ziegfeld, creator of the "Follies"; Lillian Russell, world-famous beauty and musical comedy star; Mrs. Potter Palmer, Chicago's first society queen; her sister, Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, who married a son of President Ulysses S. Grant in the White House; Ed-



LILLIAN RUSSELL



MRS. POTTER PALMER



EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS



FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

gar Rice Burroughs, author of the Tarzan tales; Finley Peter Dunne, creator of the Mr. Dooley tales; Helen Morgan, blues singer of the 1920s.

All these enjoyed prosperous, happy lives. Not so two other ghosts whose memory will trouble the historical-minded wrecker. They'll be the ghosts of a grieving, emotionally unstable widow in black and her thin, delicate son whose speech was impeded by a cleft palate.

Lincoln's Son Attended

Thomas (Tad) Lincoln, youngest son of the martyred President Abraham Lincoln, attended Brown in 1867 when he was 14. Written recollections of West Side pioneers tell of Mary Todd Lincoln, bringing her son to school.

Mrs. Lincoln and her two surviving sons, Robert and Tad, came to Chicago in May, 1865, two weeks after the husband and father had been buried in Springfield.

The widow made it plain that memories made it impossible for her to resume life in the family home at Springfield.

A son, Eddie, had died in 1850. Another, Willie, died of malaria in the White House in 1862. There is evidence that grief over Willie's death had tipped dangerously the mother's already unstable mental balance.

Home Near School

After some months in boarding houses here Mrs. Lincoln, heavily in debt from personal spending in the White House, used money given her by Congress to buy a home on Washington St. not far from Wood.

Tad got his nickname from his father. As an infant he had an unusually large head and the President called him "my little tadpole." A mischievous youngster given to pranks, the boy also had a winning smile and was a favorite of the White House staff.

Blithely he resisted the efforts of tutors and it is said that at the age of 12 he could not read. Tolerantly his father said, "Let him run. There's time enough for him to learn his letters and get poky."

At the Brown School Tad for

the first time was thrown into competition with his fellows.

A Leader

And for the first time he displayed qualities of leadership. He was the first editor of the Brown School Budget, said to be the first printed elementary school paper in America.

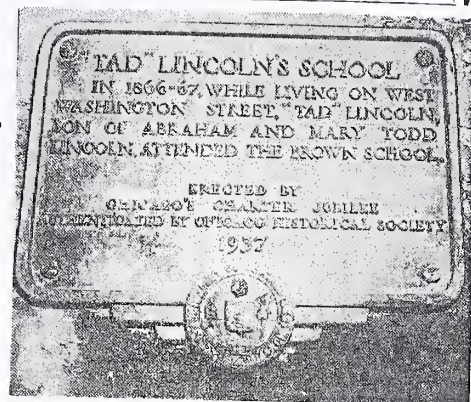
The restless widow traveled in the East and in Europe, taking Tad with her. He attended schools in Germany and England. They returned to Chicago in March, 1871, and four months later Tad died of pleurisy.

His death worsened his mother's mental state. She was frustrated in a suicide attempt. Her son, Robert, afterward secretary of war in the Garfield and Arthur cabinets and president of the Pullman Car & Manufacturing Co., found it necessary in 1875 to take legal action.

A jury in a Chicago court found her, in the language of the day "insane." She spent some months in a sanitarium. At a second trial she was ruled sane. She afterward lived quietly until her death in 1882.

Party Change

A Brown School alumnus, Bertha Honore, the destined



Plaque records that Thomas (Tad) Lincoln, son of the President, attended Brown School. Many other children who became famous later attended classes here. (Sun-Times Photo)

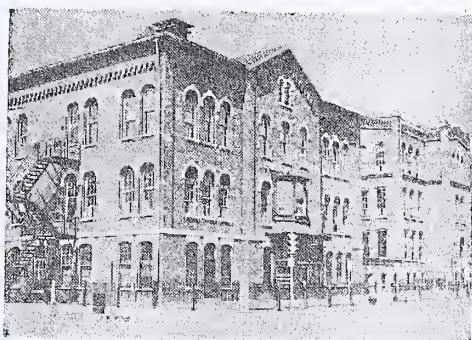
Mrs. Potter Palmer, was responsible for the first blow that sent the Near West Side skidding as a fashionable neighborhood. When the time neared for her coming out party her father, Henry H. Honore, sold his home at Ashland and Jackson. His daughter made her debut in a new home at Michigan and Jackson.

Today much of the area near the Brown School is occupied by industry, the Chicago Stadium, rooming houses and low-rental flats.

A teacher at Brown said she

thought that few of the pupils of recent years had knowledge of the school's historical background. She said many of the families were transients: "Children are in classes briefly, then disappear."

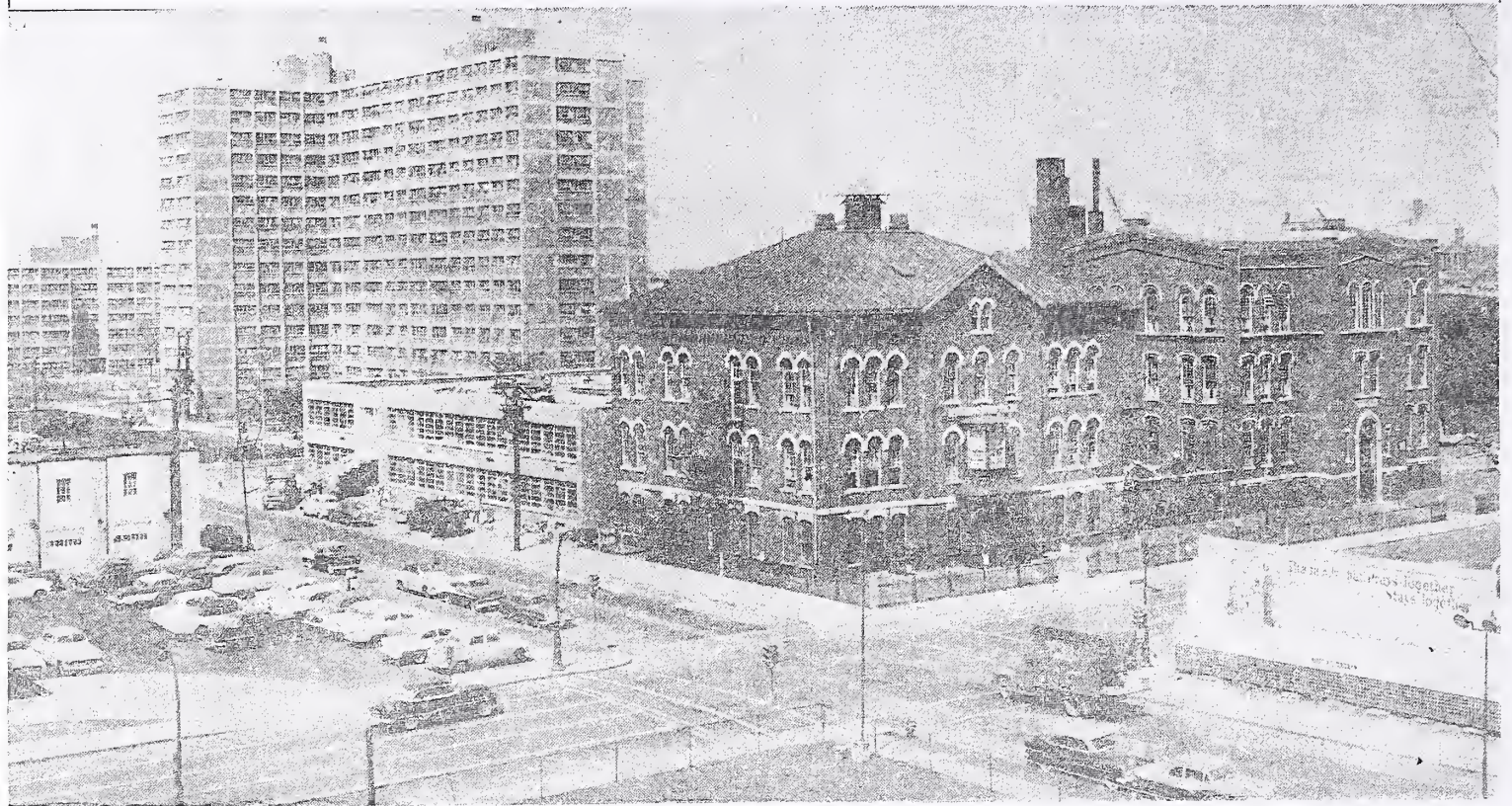
But a building project is under way that promises to give the new Brown School a more suitable pupil load. Some 1,300 families are expected to occupy the Henry Horner Homes, to be erected by the Chicago Housing Authority in the Hermitage-Washington and Lake-Damen areas.



Brown School, built in 1857 at Warren and Wood, will be torn down before its 100th anniversary. (Sun-Times Photo)

Old and New

*Tad Lincoln's Onetime School
Soon Will Be History*



A PICTURE of the gradual passing of the "old" West Side and the development of a new is presented by this view of the historic Brown School and two new structures north of it.

The old school, 1758 Warren Blvd., was built in 1857 and is one of the oldest in the city. One of its students was Tad Lincoln, son of President Lincoln.

The building immediately behind it is part of a new Brown School, which will open in September.

The old school then will be razed and an addition to the new will be put in its place.

The taller building, farther back, is part of the Henry Horner Homes, a new development of the Chicago Housing Authority.

Other new developments projected for the West Side include the Congress Expressway and an expanded West Side Medical Center.

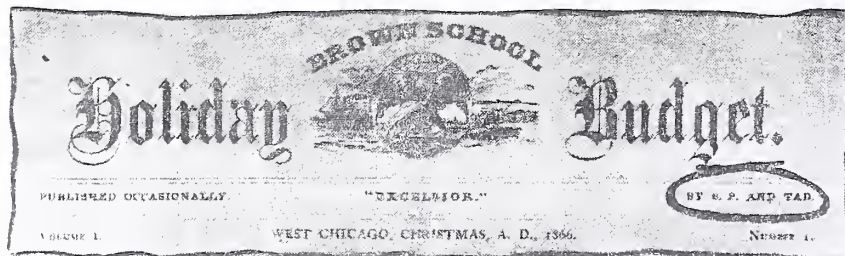
LEFT—Tad (actually named Thomas) Lincoln with his father. Tad attended Brown School in 1866 and 1867, after the assassination of his father in 1865.

RIGHT—Youngsters now attending the school look at a plaque on the old building telling that Tad once was a student there.

Other famed students at the school included Florenz Ziegfeld, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Cyrus Hall McCormick, Edgar Rice Burroughs and Lillian Russell.

BELOW—Masthead of the Brown School paper of 1866, showing its editor to be Tad Lincoln.

(Brown School photos by William De Luga)



Sketch of "Tad" Lincoln

Edited by WAYNE C. TEMPLE

*Season's greetings from the
National Lincoln - Civil War
Council,*

*Wayne C. Temple
Secretary*

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Sketch of "Tad" Lincoln

Edited by WAYNE C. TEMPLE

THERE APPEARED in the New York *Daily Tribune* on Monday, July 17, 1871, an unsigned sketch of "Tad" Lincoln; it was also reprinted in the New-York *Semi-Weekly Tribune* of Friday, July 21, 1871. Some speculation has occurred as to the authorship of this piece. Because of the intimate knowledge which this article contains, the writer must have known young "Tad" Lincoln very well. And there were several people on the *Tribune* staff who could have written it. There was the managing editor, Whitelaw Reid, who had been in Washington during the Civil War as the correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* and who had also served as Librarian for the House of Representatives.¹ Another of the fine journalists with the *Tribune* at the time of this "mystery" article was the man who had been the assistant secretary to Abraham Lincoln: John Hay. This brilliant writer had joined the *Tribune* during the latter part of 1870.² To further confuse the issue, Noah Brooks had become the night editor of the *Tribune* on June 1, 1871.³ At the time of the Civil War, Brooks had been the Washington correspondent for the Sacramento (Cal.) *Daily Union* and had associated with the Lincolns on intimate terms for over two years. Brooks, known to his readers as "Castine," had been chosen by Lincoln to replace John G.

Nicolay as private secretary to the President, but Lincoln was assassinated before Brooks assumed this post.⁴

As to style, the reminiscence could have been written by either Noah Brooks or John Hay. If a guess were made, Hay would have been the more likely candidate because certain words and phrases sound very much like Hay. But now it is no longer necessary to speculate about the authorship of this sketch. A search of the contemporary newspapers has finally solved the riddle. The answer is "John Hay."

Evidently, John Hay sent a copy of his article to the editor of the *Illinois State Journal* in Springfield, because this newspaper reprinted it on Friday, July 21, 1871 (page two), and under the title are these words, "By John Hay." (By error, the *Journal* reported the clipping was from the New-York *Tribune* of July 19.) The story is produced below as it appeared originally in the New-York *Daily Tribune*:

TAD LINCOLN.

Most of those who read the dispatch announcing the death of Thomas Todd Lincoln⁵ will never think of the well-grown young gentleman who died on Saturday at Chicago.⁶ The name of 'Tad'—a pet name given by

himself with his first stammering utterances and adopted by his fond parents and the world—recalls the tricky little sprite who gave to that sad and solemn White House of the great war the only comic relief it knew. The years that have followed, spent in study and travel, produced an utterly different person. The Tad Lincoln of our history ceased to exist long ago. The modest and cordial young fellow who passed through New-York a few weeks ago with his mother will never be known outside of the circle of his mourning friends.⁷ But 'little Tad' will be remembered as long as any live who bore a personal share in the great movements whose center for four years was at Washington.

He was so full of life and vigor—so bubbling over with health and high spirits, that he kept the house alive with his pranks and his fantastic enterprises. He was always a 'chartered libertine,' and after the death of his brother Willie,⁸ a prematurely serious and studious child, and the departure of Robert for college, he installed himself as the absolute tyrant of the Executive Mansion. He was idolized by both his father and mother, petted and indulged by his teachers, and fawned upon and caressed by that noisome horde of office-seekers which infested the ante-rooms of the White House. He had a very bad opinion of books, and no opinion of discipline, and thought very little of any tutor who would not assis[st] him in yoking his kids to a chair or in driving his dogs tandem over the South Lawn. He was as shrewd as he was lawless, and always knew whether he could make a tutor serviceable or not. If he found one with obstinate ideas of the superiority of grammar to kite-flying as an intellectual employment, he soon found means of getting rid of him. He had so much to do that he felt he could not waste time in learning to spell. Early in the morning you could hear his shrill pipe resounding through the dreary corridors of the Executive residence. The day passed in a rapid succession of plots and commotions, and when the President laid down his weary pen toward midnight, he generally found his infant goblin asleep under his table or roasting his curly head by the open fire-place; and the tall chief would pick up the child and trudge off to bed with the drowsy little burden on his shoulder, stooping under the doors and dodging the chandeliers. The President took infinite comfort in the child's rude health, fresh fun, and uncontrollable boisterousness. He was pleased to see him growing up in ignorance of books, but with singularly accurate ideas of practical matters. He was a fearless rider, while yet so small that his legs stuck out horizontally from the saddle. He had that power of taming and attaching animals to himself, which seems the especial gift of kindly and unlettered natures. 'Let him run,' the easy-going Presi-

dent would say; 'he has time enough left to learn his letters and get pokey. Bob was just such a little rascal, and now he is a very decent boy.'

It was evident that with all his insubordination and reckless mischief the spoiled child was at heart of a truthful and generous nature. He treated flatterers and office-seekers with a curious coolness and contempt, but he often espoused the cause of some poor widow or tattered soldier, whom he found waiting in the ante-rooms, and it was most amusing to see the hearty little fellow dragging his shabby protégés into the Executive presence, ordering the ushers out of the way, and demanding immediate action from headquarters. The President rarely refused a grace of this kind, and the demands were not so frequent as to lose the charms of novelty.

One of the tricks into which his idleness and his enterprise together drove him, was the occasion of much laughter to the judicious, and much horror to the respectable in Washington. He invested, one morning, all his pocket money in buying the stock in trade of an old woman who sold gingerbread near the Treasury. He made the Government carpenters give him a board and some trestles, which he set up in the imposing porte-cochère of the White House, and on this rude counter displayed his wares. Every office-seeker who entered the house that morning bought a toothsome luncheon of the keen little merchant, and when an hour after the opening of the booth a member of the household discovered the young pastryman the admired center of a group of grinning servants and toadies, he had filled his pockets and his hat with currency, the spoil of the American public. The juvenile operator made lively work of his ill-gotten gains, however, and before night was penniless again.

Although still a mere child at the death of his father, this terrible shock greatly sobered and steadied him. His brother Robert at once took charge of his education, and he made rapid progress up to the time of his sailing for Europe with his mother.⁹ He has ever since remained with her, displaying a thoughtful devotion and tenderness beyond his years, and strangely at variance with the mischievous thoughtlessness of his childhood. He came back a short while ago,¹⁰ greatly improved by his residence abroad, but always the same cordial, frank, warm-hearted boy. In this loss the already fearfully bereaved family will suffer a new and deep affliction, and the world, which never did and never will know him, will not withhold a tribute of regret for the child whose gayety and affection cheered more than anything else the worn and weary heart of the great President through the toilsome years of the war.

NOTES

1. Detroit (Mich.) *Free Press*, Dec. 22, 1863.
2. John Hay to J. G. Nicolay, New York, Dec. 12, 1870, in William Roscoe Thayer, *The Life and Letters of John Hay* (Boston, 1915), I, 335-336.
3. Noah Brooks to Whitelaw Reid, Dixon, Ill., May 17, [1871], Whitelaw Reid Papers, Library of Congress.
4. Wayne C. Temple, "Noah Brooks, 1830-1903," MS., doctoral thesis, University of Illinois Library.
5. Thomas "Tad" Lincoln did not have a middle name. He was named for his paternal grandfather. Robert, however, did have the middle name Todd.
6. "Tad" died at the Clifton House in Chicago on the morning of July 15, 1871. Chicago *Evening Journal*, July 15, 1871.
7. Mrs. Lincoln and "Tad" arrived at New York aboard the steamer *Russia* on May 10, 1871. They immediately took rooms at the Everett House, but left New York for Chicago on May 15. New York *Tribune*, May 11, 1871; report from New York, May 15, 1871, in *Illinois State Journal* (Springfield), May 16, 1871.
8. William Wallace Lincoln died at the White House on February 20, 1862. Report from Washington, Feb. 20, 1862, in New York *Herald*, Feb. 21, 1862.
9. Mrs. Lincoln and "Tad" sailed from Baltimore, on the steamer *Baltimore*, for Europe on October 1, 1868. *Illinois State Journal* (Springfield), Oct. 6, 1868; New York *Tribune*, Oct. 16, 1868.
10. On May 10, 1871. See footnote 7.

Abe Lincoln's Best Friend

President's Darkest Hours Were Brightened by Mischievous Antics of Youngest Son, Tad, Says a New Book

THE president of the United States called him Tad, and Tad called the president Paw. In the famous Alexander Gardner photograph, Abraham Lincoln is seated in an armchair, his spectacles perched on his nose, solemnly reading a book, while his young son, Tad, stands beside him, equally solemn.

It was an uncharacteristic pose, for Tad was not the type of boy to stand solemnly anywhere for more than two seconds — no matter how important the occasion might be. A more likely — if less dignified — pose might have shown the president on the floor of his study, with Tad and some of his friends trying to pin him down in wrestling, or indulging in a fast contest of leap-frog.

Tad Lightened the Trying Years

"I believe Tad was the best companion Mr. Lincoln ever had," recalled a White House staff member after the president's death. "His gaiety and affection illumined the darkest hours of the greatest American who ever lived."

In a new book, "Tad Lincoln: Mischief-Maker in the White House," author John D. Weaver has compiled all of the Tad anecdotes he could verify. The book, published by Dodd, Mead, indeed shows that Tad was one of the greatest sources of comfort and laughter for the president in the trying years of the Civil war, when, as Lincoln once remarked, he "had to find laughter, because I cannot allow myself to cry."

Tad's given name was Thomas, but he became Tad soon after birth, when his father—then a lawyer in Springfield, Ill.—saw him wriggling in his bath water, just as tadpoles did in the shallow creek waters of his youth in Kentucky and Indiana. The nickname was hatched from "Tadpole" to "Taddie" to "Tad," and it was to remain that for the rest of his short life — he died in 1871, at 18.

He was the youngest of the Lincoln boys — Robert was nine years older and Willie two, and another son, Eddie, had died before Willie was born. It was generally thought that he was his father's "pet," just as Willie was for Mrs. Lincoln. Tad had a lisp, and it may have been this impediment that

warmed his father's heart toward him especially.

When Lincoln was inaugurated in March, 1861, great attention was fastened on the two Lincoln boys (Robert was studying at Harvard), for the White House had not had children since the Tyler administration, 16 years before. Tad and Willie were annoyed at first, but they gradually got used to being stared at and questioned by utter strangers.

It didn't change their ebullient habits, however. One of the first things Tad discovered in the White House was the bell system in the attic, by which signals could be delivered to every room of the mansion. The entire White House flew into a tizzy a few days later when bells started jangling everywhere. The trouble eventually was traced to the attic, where Tad was tugging at the controls and Willie was beside himself with laughter. Nobody else, except the president, found it quite that funny.

Lincoln was an indulgent father — overindulgent, according to some witnesses. He could not bring himself to spank his children, no matter how outrageously they acted. A soft reproach turned out, in his case, to obtain the same effect: Tad often would burst into tears when he saw his father's face grow sad over something he had done.

The boys had freedom to do just about anything they wished in the White House. Then, as

now, the president of the United States was the recipient of many gifts, including animals. Tad and Willie kept a pet goat named Nanko, for example, who managed to get loose one time and munch down half of the flower beds on the White House grounds.

Turkey Was Given Presidential Pardon

Another time, the president was given a large, live turkey, intended for his Christmas dinner. Tad took a liking to the big tom, promptly named him Jack and made a pet of him. A few days before Christmas, Tad burst into a cabinet conference in tears, telling his Paw that he had just been told Jack was to be killed.

"But Jack was sent here to be killed and eaten for Christmas," his father explained.

"I can't help it," Tad sobbed. "He's a good turkey and I don't want him killed!"

The fond father reached for a card and wrote out a pardon for Jack.

Tad was 8 when the Lincolns moved into the White House, and it was only a month until the nation was plunged into its bloodiest war. Confederate campfires could be seen from the executive mansion, and Tad immediately took action. He and Willie threw up a fort on the White House roof, with a log representing a cannon and a few old, condemned

rifles for small arms support.

In addition, Tad and Willie decided to form their own company of soldiers, with red, gray and blue uniforms. There were only four boys in the outfit—the two Lincolns and two Tafts, Bud and Holly—but they were given the honor of an official presidential review. A few years later, Tad got a real army uniform through the intervention of Secretary of War Stanton.

Aside from his zest and love of a good time, Tad displayed a generous heart. One of the president's greatest curses of office was the long line of people who sought government jobs or favors. Tad got the brilliant idea of standing at the foot of the staircase and collecting 5c from each visitor—the proceeds to be given to the Sanitary Fund, which provided comforts for the soldiers.

Another time, he raided the White House pantry for fruit and cookies, set up shop in the portico and sold his stock to visitors, also for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund. It was this sort of thing that gave the war-weary president a chance to smile.

Willie's Death

Changed Everything

Willie died early in 1862, and life was never quite the same in the great house. Tad would burst into tears at anything that reminded him of his lost brother, and the Taft boys ceased coming over for visits. He grew even closer to his father, lying quietly in his office and offering to help in any possible chores.

"Everything that Tad did was done with a certain rush and rude strength which was peculiar to him," a newspaper reporter recalled. "I was once sitting with the president in the library when Tad tore into the room in search of something, and having found it, he threw himself on his father like a small thunderbolt, gave him one wild, fierce hug, and, without a word, fled from the room before his father could put out a hand to detain him."

The president took his son on inspection tours of army camps in the area—and Tad went along when he visited the fallen Confederate capital of Richmond in the spring of 1865. Accompanied by his tutor, Tad was watching "Aladdin, or The Wonderful Lamp" at Grover's theater in Washington on the April night that his parents were viewing "Our American Cousin" at Ford's theater.

Halfway through the play, someone rushed up to the tutor and whispered in his ear. The tutor took the boy by the arm and hurried him out of the theater. By the time Tad had reached the White House, he had learned the dreadful, unbelievable news that someone had shot his father.

"Do you think my father has gone to heaven?" he asked a White House visitor after the funeral.

"I have no doubt of it," the man replied.

"Then," said Tad, "I am glad he has gone there, for he never was happy after he came here. This was not a good place for him."

GERALD KLOSS.

Lincoln's son hyperactive?

By Arthur J. Snider *Daily News Science Editor*

Tad Lincoln was 8 years old when Abraham Lincoln came to the Presidency in 1861. He turned out to be the terror of the White House.



Snider

He whittled the furniture, drove goats through the East Room, fired a gun from an upstairs window, pushed the chess board off his father's knees, streaked the walls with tubes of paint intended for Mary Lincoln's portrait and waved a Confederate flag behind the President's back as he reviewed Union troops.

The White House staff called him a spoiled brat, but psychiatrist James R. Morrison of the University of California, San Diego, said Tad would today be diagnosed as a hyperactive child, a disorder not described until 50 years after his death.

"Whether it was due to the shock of his father's assassination or to the natural improvement which usually attends the onset of puberty in hyperactive children, within a short time Tad was behaving better," Dr. Morrison wrote in the journal *Medical Opinion*.

"He now dressed himself in the mornings and began his schooling in earnest, so that when he died of tuberculosis at 18, he was reportedly abreast of his age-mates in learning and ambition."

HYPERACTIVITY (HYPERKINESIS) is diagnosed often today. Some pediatricians be-

Medicine chest



Among his other antics, Tad Lincoln once waved the Confederate flag behind his father's back as the President reviewed Union troops.

lieve that 1 in 20 children fidgets, wriggles, giggles, talks on impulse, is unable to concentrate more than a moment, is distractable, irritable and obnoxious and shows other symptoms of hyperactivity.

There is no objective way to diagnose a hyperactive child, said Dr. Raphael Goldstein, pediatrician at the State University of New York, Buffalo. Neurological exams are

always normal and the brain wave test usually so. You have to depend on observation.

To confuse matters more, hyperactive children, even though of normal intelligence, often have learning disabilities or so-called minimal brain dysfunction affecting their reading ability. Tad Lincoln was no exception. Dr. Morrison found in his research, reported in the journal *Consultant*.

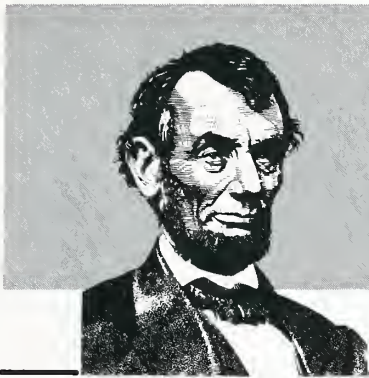
The most popular treatment for hyperactivity is stimulants, such as dexamphetamine and methylphenidate. Instead of energizing the youngsters, as they would an adult, the pep pills tend to quiet them.

THE DRUG TREATMENT HAS aroused considerable controversy. Many clinicians object to long-term use of drugs for a disease whose pharmacology is poorly understood. Among them is Dr. Sheldon K. Schiff, president of the Children's Center for Learning Capabilities, Chicago.

Yet what are the alternatives? Dr. Goldstein asked. A child is often threatened with expulsion from school or placement in a class for retarded children, where he does not belong. The teacher threatens to resign if he is not removed.

Dr. Schiff, who has seen children without clinical evidence of an organic defect on such pills by age 3, believes it is possible to achieve behavior modification by emphasizing classroom and family discussion rather than medication.

Psychiatrist Morrison suggested that hyperactive children can settle down as they grow older if given parental love. He notes that from causing his parents unending anguish, Tad Lincoln was the favorite son, a ray of brightness in their hard and often tragic lives. Mary Todd Lincoln called him "My Troublesome Sunshine."



Lincoln Lore

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September, 1972

Tad Lincoln: Could He Have Written a Letter Or Telegram in 1864?

Could eleven year old Thomas "Tad" Lincoln have written a letter or telegram in the fall of 1864? The editor of the Summer 1972 (Volume XXIV — Number 3) issue of *Manuscripts* has published on the inside front cover a facsimile of a telegram dated October 6, 1864, addressed to Gustav Edward Gumpert, which presumably is in the handwriting of Tad. The telegram follows:

Executive Mansion
Washington, Oct. 6th, 1864

Dear Gumpert:

I send Thomas
Cross to see you about
the Carriage Bill. It was
sent to me and I ant
got any money to pay the
man with.

And Oblidge
Thomas Lincoln
Yur Friend
Tad

The above telegram is described as: "A rare A.L.S. of Tad Lincoln (signed with both full name and 'Tad') on Executive Mansion stationery. It concerns payment for a carriage bill Tad evidently incurred. From the collection of George T. Harding, Sr., M.D. and Herndon P. Harding, M.D." The document was originally the property of Dr. Charles W. Olsen (Barrett sale-1952).

On April 6, 1918, Robert T. Lincoln wrote Isaac Markens, and, in answer to his correspondent's question about the Tad letter (October 6, 1864), he made the statement that, "I do not remember at all any person named 'Gumpert,' to whom my brother Tad's letter was addressed. Thomas Cross, whom you speak of, was a colored servant, who did not permit himself to be forgotten by me for many years. This letter (see Paul M. Angle's: *A Portrait of Abraham Lincoln In Letters By His Oldest Son*, The Chicago Historical Society, 1968, page 58) was written by a boy eleven years old and is of course very crude. I fancy the carriage bill refers to a cart he used with a goat. There may have been some person named Gumpert in the Company which furnished the House sentinels, but I do not know."

By this late date, Robert had forgotten something he had related years earlier to another correspondent. On September 10, 1866 (two years after the telegram to Gumpert), Tad's elder brother wrote a Mrs. C. Dawes(?) in response to her request for autographs of the Lincoln family. He enclosed autographs of himself and his mother, Mary Todd Lincoln, but, as to Tad, he reported, "My brother is very young — and has not yet learned to write but will no doubt be happy to gratify you at some future time (Chicago Historical Society)."

Ruth Painter Randall in her book, *Lincoln's Sons*, Little, Brown and Company, 1955, wrote that, "Gustav Edward Gumpert . . . was a great friend of Tad's who lived in Philadelphia. He and his brothers had a store which Tad delighted to visit, sometimes opening the cash drawer and scattering its contents, and once riding a pony into the store itself, to the great consternation of the customers."

Mrs. Randall, in her book, discussed Tad's telegram on pages 197-198. She described it as being "written in

a far from well-trained handwriting," and after quoting it in full, she made the following statement: "This document has been much argued over because Mrs. Lincoln, subsequent to the writing of it, made several statements indicating that Tad could not write when he was in the White House and Mrs. Keckley's testimony gives the impression he could neither read nor write at that time." Elizabeth Keckley was Mrs. Lincoln's colored dressmaker as well as friend and confidant. Her book, *Behind The Scenes*, is believed to have been ghost-written.

Mrs. Randall further pointed out that, "On June 15, 1865, Mrs. Lincoln wrote from Chicago to Alexander Williamson, a young Scotsman who had been a tutor to Willie and Tad, that her youngest was ' . . . at length seized with the desire to read & write . . . I hope he will

Executive Mansion.

Oct 6th 1864

Dear Gumpert

I send Thomas
Cross to see you about
the Carriage Bill. It was
sent to me and I ant
got any money to pay the
man with.

And Oblidge
Thomas Lincoln
Yur Friend
Tad

From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

This letter-telegram was originally published in Mrs. Ruth Painter Randall's book, *Lincoln's Sons*, Little, Brown and Company, 1955. The document was then the property of Dr. Charles W. Olsen.



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

This print of Tad Lincoln, from a carte-de-visite photograph, was taken in Mathew B. Brady's, Washington, D. C., studio.

be able to write by fall so that he may be able to write you a letter inviting you *out here* to see him."

Mrs. Randall commented that: "Perhaps the strongest statement Mrs. Lincoln made on the subject of Tad's backwardness in learning was that in her letter to Alexander Williamson on December 16, 1867. It was also written in Chicago. 'Taddie is well. Can now read, quite well — as he did not know his letters when he came, here, you will agree he learned rapidly.'"

Two days before sending the telegram under discussion, Tad wired Gumpert, "Gus, I want to know about that box you was to send me. Please let me know right away if you Please And Oblige Col Thomas Lincoln." Mrs. Randall noted that, "The 'Col' of course referred to the officer's commission which Tad had received from Secretary Stanton . . . A telegram signed by a colonel has a certain air of authority, which Tad doubtless liked, and, of course, such an officer has a perfect right to send his communications by military telegraph." Tad's army commission was usually designated as that of lieutenant. Perhaps it was the military commission that prompted Tad to send telegrams.

After revealing such convincing evidence that Tad could not read or write in 1864, Mrs. Randall evidently took another look at the telegram dated October 6, 1864. She asked her readers, "Were Mrs. Lincoln's statements literal or relative? Certainly the telegram of October 6, 1864, was not competent writing. Noah Brooks spoke of the time in the White House when Tad 'could scarcely read.' If he wrote that telegram," Mrs. Randall commented, "it could be stated truthfully that he could scarcely write. It has been suggested that when Mrs.

Lincoln wrote of his not knowing his letters she meant he could not repeat the alphabet. It also sometimes happens that a child learns to sign his name before he knows all his letters or can be said to write."

Mrs. Randall also compared Tad's unquestionably, genuine signature on a legal document, in the Illinois State Historical Library, dated 1867 which bears "a marked resemblance to the signature of the telegram in question." The two signatures can be compared in the Randall book entitled *Lincoln's Sons*.

Another Tad Lincoln telegram, which is likely unpublished, is to be found in the Foundation's archives:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, 30: Nov., 1864.

Mr. Gomphert
Brevoort House
New York.
Please inform me when
you will be here.

Thomas Lincoln
Ex. Mansion

No. 2 NY
Washington, D. C.
Recd 9.25 am

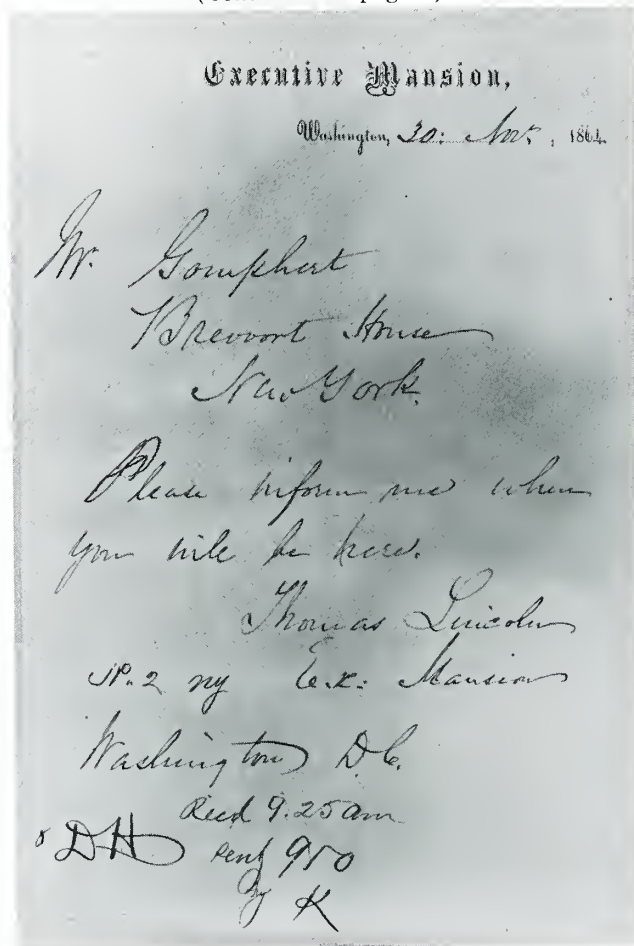
DH sent 910

By K

It has been suggested that Tad's telegrams were dictated by him and written down by any one around the Executive Mansion who was handy. Four of the original telegrams in the Illinois State Historical Library indicate at least two different handwritings. Mrs. Randall surmized that, "Tad got some semiliterate adult, perhaps a servant like Thomas Cross, to write out some of the telegrams, some grown-up person who knew so little he would write 'ant' for 'ain't.'"

A comparison of the document bearing the date of November 30, 1864 with that of October 6, 1864 reveals

(Continued on page 4)



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

A friendship with Tad Lincoln apparently required a constant involvement in his affairs.

A Lincoln Forgery

Dr. George Winfield Stipp of Bloomington, Illinois, was an "old personal friend" of Abraham Lincoln. On October 6, 1862, Lincoln wrote to Dr. Joseph R. Smith (surgeon with rank of major) the following letter: "Assistant Surgeon General please see Dr. Stipp. He says he is ordered to Gen. McClellan's camp while his preparations — tools, so to speak — are at Corinth, Miss. Not intending to interfere by an order, I still would be glad if he could be sent to Corinth. Oct. 6, 1862. A. Lincoln."

The above mentioned, original statement is written on both sides of a small card and is the property of the Lilly Library, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. For some unexplained reason, it has been the pattern for a forgery, which was recently submitted to the Foundation for authentication.

The forged document is written on one side of a sheet of paper of questionable texture, the date is different, the number of words to the line are unlike the original and several words appearing in the original document do not appear in the forged document. The small forgery was photographed and enlarged, and a study of the print seemed to indicate that the writer made a labored effort to copy Lincoln's handwriting. This fact was much more obvious in the photograph than in the forgery itself. The wording of the forged document follows:

"Assistant Surgeon General
please see Dr. Stipp. He says he is ordered to
Gen. McClellan's camp while his preparations tools
so to speak are at Corinth, Miss. I still would be
glad if he could be sent to Corinth. Oct. 5, 1862.
A. Lincoln."

Again, Lincoln was called upon to help Dr. Stipp. Writing to Edward D. Townsend, he made the following request: "Dr. Stipp is my old personal friend, and I shall be very glad if he can, consistently with the public service, be assigned as he desires. June 24, 1863, A. Lincoln."

Medical Inspector Stipp had asked that "in consideration of my bad health . . . I may be assigned for duty, to the Department of Ohio, for a few months, in the hope & belief that a change of climate, water and diet, will aid materially, in restoring to me a measure of former health." Townsend referred the letter to Surgeon General Hammond, who recommended a leave of absence instead of the transfer, and on June 25 Townsend directed that a leave be granted. Roy P. Basler, in compiling information on Stipp for *The Collected Works Of Abraham Lincoln*, Volume VI, 1862-1863, noted that "Lieutenant Colonel Stipp was assigned as medical in-

Assistant Surgeon General
please see Dr. Stipp.
He says he is ordered
to Gen. McClellan's camp
while his preparations tools
so to speak are at Corinth,
Miss. I still would
be glad if he could be
sent to Corinth.
Oct 5, 1862. A. Lincoln

From the Lincoln National Life Foundation

The forged document which in many respects differs from the original.

Assistant Surgeon General
please see Dr. Stipp.
He says he is ordered
to Gen. McClellan's camp,
while his preparations—
tools, so to speak—are
at Corinth, Miss.—
Not intending to interfere
by an order, I still
would be glad if he
could be sent to Corinth,
Oct 6, 1862. A. Lincoln

From the Lilly Library, Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.

The original document (two sides) written on a card and bearing the correct date of October 6, 1862.

spector of the Department of the Gulf on December 19, 1863."

So far as is known, Lincoln's endorsement of June 24, 1863 has not been a subject for the forger.

Perhaps Lincoln autograph collectors were much more gullible in the 1930's, 1940's and 1950's than they are today. Undoubtedly, the less sophisticated collector, even today, treasures questionable "Lincoln" documents which are the work of Joseph Cosey, Charles Weisberg, or maybe, Mrs. Lincoln's coachman.

It has been stated that a Lincoln document should pass five tests of authentication; namely, quality of paper, color of ink, date, provenance and literary quality. Maybe, too, it is not smart to make a forgery of an original document that has been published in *The Collected Works Of Abraham Lincoln*, where ownership, date and other details are so readily accessible.

"... Intimate Friends of the President ..."

John Crow, an attorney at Griggsville, Pike County, Illinois, wanted the appointment of pay master in the U.S. Army and he had some influential friends to vouch for him.

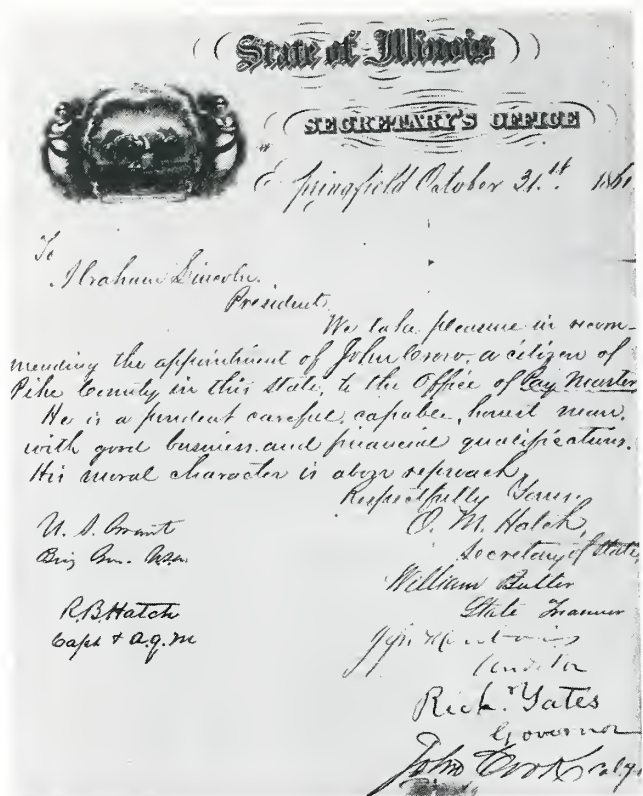
Ozias M. Hatch, a native of Griggsville and the Secretary Of State of Illinois, wrote a letter on his official stationery to President Abraham Lincoln on October 31st, 1861 stating that:

"We take pleasure in recommending the appointment of John Crow, a citizen of Pike County in this State, to the office of Pay Master.

"He is a prudent, careful, capable, honest man, with good business and financial qualifications. His moral character is above reproach.

Respectfully Yours,
O. M. Hatch,
Secretary of State . . ."

Other friends of Crow who signed the letter were William Butler, State Treasurer; Jesse K. Dubois, Audi-



From the Lincoln National Life Foundation
This letter has been published in *The Papers of Ulysses S. Grant*, Volume 3: October 1, 1861 — January 7, 1862, on Page 410.

tor; Richard Yates, Governor; John Cook, Colonel of the Twenty-fifth Illinois Infantry; U. S. Grant, Brigadier-General; and Reuben B. Hatch, Captain of the Twenty-fifth Illinois Infantry.

Undoubtedly, this letter received the attention of President Lincoln, because his private secretary, John Hay, made the following notation on the back of the document:

"Respectfully referred by the President to the consideration of the Secretary of War (Simon Cameron). The names attached are intimate friends of the President and the most worthy citizens of Illinois. Dec. 14, 1861."

When this original document was purchased for the Lincoln Library-Museum, it was thought that it would be relatively easy to identify John Crow and determine whether or not he received the appointment of pay master. A diligent search failed to disclose an answer. Later on, it was discovered that the letter appears in *The Papers of Ulysses S. Grant*, Volume 3: October 1, 1861-January 7, 1862, on page 410. There the statement is made by the editor, John Y. Simon, that, "No record of the appointment of John Crow has been found."

With the acquisition of the above mentioned document, the Foundation now has in its archives 225 original letters addressed to President Lincoln.

Tad Lincoln

(Continued from page 2)

that the former was written by a more sophisticated scribe. However, whoever he was misspelled the name of Gumpert. Nevertheless, he recorded such detailed information as to when the telegram was sent and received, and he even identified the telegraph operator by initial.

The reader will have to draw his own conclusions as to whether or not Tad Lincoln could write a letter or telegram in 1864. The editor is inclined to believe that Tad Lincoln, while a resident in the Executive Mansion, could not write and that all of his letters or telegrams were written for him.

Former and Future Presidents Addressed Letters to Abraham Lincoln

In the archives of the Lincoln Library-Museum, are to be found three letters (not including the letter signed by General Ulysses S. Grant featured in this issue of *Lincoln Lore*) addressed to Abraham Lincoln by a former President and two future Presidents. The first two letters were published in the July, 1957 (No. 1433) issue of *Lincoln Lore*. The first letter by Millard Fillmore follows:

Buffalo, March 8, 1861

His Excellency
Abraham Lincoln
Sir,

The bearer, E. C. Sprague, Esq. visits Washington on business and has requested me to give him a letter of introduction to your excellency, which I do with great pleasure, as I have known Mr. Sprague from his childhood, and have a very high regard for him as a gentleman of intelligence and high moral character.

He studied law in my office and is now a partner of my son, and occupies a high rank in his profession, and I may add (without being suspected of partizanship) that he is a devoted Republican.

I am Respectfully and
Truly Yours
Millard Fillmore

The second letter by Ulysses S. Grant follows:
Headquarters, Depts. of the Ten.
Millikins Bend, La., April 12/63

A. Lincoln
President of the United States
Sir:

Enclosed please find a copy of my letter and also one from General Sherman,* to Thos. D. Knox, correspondent of the *New York Herald* in reply to his application to be permitted to remain in this Dept.

I send these knowing the propensity of persons to misrepresent grounds taken in matters when they are personally interested and fearing that in this case, it might be represented that your wishes had not met with the respect due them.

As stated in my letter the wish of the president will always have the favor and respect of an order.

I am very respectfully
Your Obt. svt.
U. S. Grant
Maj. Gen. Vols.

* Copies of the original correspondence sent to Thos. D. Knox of the *New York Herald* accompany this original letter.

The third letter by Andrew Johnson follows:
State of Tennessee
Executive Department
Nashville, December 3, 1864

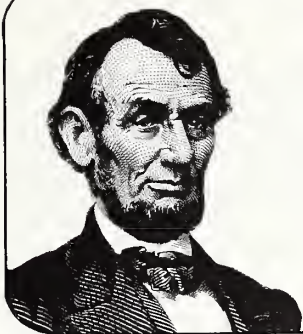
His Excellency
Abraham Lincoln
President United States
Washington
D. C.
Mr. President,
Permit me

to introduce to you, Mr. A. F. Lillard of Marshal County Tennessee, —
Mr. Lillard is represented to me as being a truly Loyal Man, and desires an interview with you on Some business which he will make known

I am very respectfully
Your Ob't Serv't
Andrew Johnson

Lincoln's Autograph

About fifteen years ago, a simple signature of Lincoln (Abraham Lincoln is likely more valuable than A. Lincoln) was valued between \$50 to \$100. Before the 1920's, Lincoln's signature cut from legal documents sold for as little as \$2.50 to \$5.00. Early in the 1920's, they brought from \$12.50 to \$15.00. Today a Lincoln signature is worth from \$150 to \$200.



Lincoln Lore

September, 1980

Bulletin of the Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum. Mark E. Neely, Jr., Editor.
Mary Jane Hubler, Editorial Assistant. Published each month by the
Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46801.

Number 1711

BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE Lincoln in Graphic Art, 1860-1865 The Sentimental Counterattack

Politics provided subject matter for the satirical artists of Lincoln's day, but satire was never the dominant motif in popular prints. Sentimentalism dominated American taste—even highbrow taste. Pro-Lincoln cartoons and simple portraits to be hung on parlor walls answered the satirists while Lincoln was President. After he was assassinated, there was no need to answer the critics. They were completely silenced, and an enormous sentimental counterattack swept them from the field—virtually forever.

The last issue of *Lincoln Lore* focused mostly on the satirical vein in graphic art in Lincoln's day. This issue dwells on the sentimental strain which prevailed in popular depictions of Lincoln after April 15, 1865. The prints shown are all part of an exhibit entitled, "BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE: Lincoln in Graphic Art, 1860-1865." It will be on view in the Cannon House Office Building in Washington, D.C., through March, 1981.

The only really respectable art, popular or otherwise, in the Victorian era was sentimental in content. Satire had at best a marginal respectability. Even humorists as great as Mark Twain ran afoul of the genteel tradition as late as the end of the nineteenth century. In Lincoln's day joke books were sold more at train stations than by respectable booksellers. As the previous issue of *Lincoln Lore* showed, Lincoln's own reputation for wit was something of a liability.

The graphic arts do not lend themselves to subtle interpretations of events. Subtlety is the realm of the word. In the pictorial and popular view of things, John Wilkes Booth was the tool of the devil, and angels carried Lincoln to heaven. There he was greeted by George Washington. When printmakers needed non-controversial images, they could always turn to religion and to the Father of His Country. The immediate association of Lincoln with Washington was remarkable.

Lincoln's association with him was possible because the Civil War had saved the Union Washington had founded. It was the sort of association that a printmaker wanted to make only when it was a safe bet. Although there are many prints of Washington and Lincoln together, none bears a date before 1865. Statesmanship on a par with George Washington's was truly within the ability only of dead politicians.

Another part of the sentimental counterattack which had lasting effects was the development of what might be called the "Cult of the First Family." Lincoln never realized the power of this, and the printmakers were surprisingly slow to do so. When they caught on, however, they launched a phenomenon now visible at every

newsstand and grocery store check-out counter in America, as glossy magazines vie with each other to blazon forth color pictures and pulp stories about the President's wife, children, brothers, sisters, mother, and father.

The printmakers' slowness to provide the sentimental public they served with a suitable portrait of the First Family (the term was not used in Lincoln's day) was in part due to the old problem of models to copy. President Lincoln never posed with his whole family for a photograph. His wife was rarely photographed and was never photographed with her husband. Only in February, 1864 did Lincoln and his son Thomas sit for a charming portrait which provided a model for numerous scenes of domestic bliss.

Lincoln's failure to provide good models to copy was only a part of the problem. The printmakers were apparently unaware of the potential market for family scenes. Sarah Bush Johnston Lincoln raised Abraham from age nine to maturity and outlived her stepson, but it never occurred to anyone to go out to Coles County, Illinois, and photograph her until after her stepson was killed. Knowledge of Lincoln's family was hard to



SATAN TEMPTING BOOTH TO THE MURDER OF THE PRESIDENT.

J. L. MAGEE, PUB. 305 WALNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA

From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum

FIGURE 1. The simple view of the assassination.



From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum

FIGURE 2. Lincoln was carried to heaven . . .

come by. Even when a printmaker copied the photograph of Lincoln and his son Thomas, the print was entitled, "Lincoln and His Son Thaddeus"! Tad was the boy's nickname, bestowed on him by his father, who thought he looked like a tadpole (with a large head and small body) when he was a baby.



From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum

FIGURE 3. . . . to meet George Washington.

After the assassination the printmakers caught on quickly. They invented the family portraits which Lincoln had never provided in life. Starting with the photograph of Lincoln and Tad, they added other family members from other individual portraits. When they did not know what a family member looked like, they sometimes turned his head away from the viewer and dressed him as a typical little boy from some English Victorian print.

The urge to have America's Presidents domesticated proved to be strong in Victorian America, and an abundance of family prints appeared just after Lincoln's death — many of them crude, some grotesque, and all the products of printmakers' imaginations. The popularity of these pictures could not be ignored — nor could their unstated political message: could this good family man in his Victorian parlor really be a threat to American liberties? President Ulysses S. Grant would calm any anxieties that he might prove to be a dangerous "man on horseback" by appearing in numerous family portraits.

The unskilled crudity of most of the family prints is as much a comment on the demand for domestic art as on the infant stage of America's graphic arts industry. These prints were long on love and short on technical skill, but they are eloquent



From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum

FIGURE 4. Lincoln and "Thaddeus."

testimony to the reverence Americans held for Lincoln — eventually. They were also responsible for discovering a nearly unquenchable market for pictures of the President's family, a market that has not been saturated to this day.

The printmakers' association of Lincoln with George Washington was also prophetic. Before the twentieth century, educated opinion ranked Washington first and Lincoln second among American Presidents. Even John G. Nicolay, Lincoln's private secretary and biographer, typified this thinking in 1904, when he wrote, "If we accord the first rank to Washington as founder, so we must unhesitatingly give to Lincoln the second place as preserver and regenerator of American liberty." In polls of historians taken in 1948, 1962, and 1968, however, Lincoln ranked first and Washington second in all three.

Poll of 55 Experts by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., 1948

1. Abraham Lincoln
2. George Washington



*From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum*

FIGURE 5. Sometimes Tad became Willie.

3. Franklin D. Roosevelt
4. Woodrow Wilson
5. Thomas Jefferson
6. Andrew Jackson
7. Theodore Roosevelt
8. Grover Cleveland
9. John Adams
10. James K. Polk

Poll of 75 Experts by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., 1962.

1. Abraham Lincoln
2. George Washington
3. Franklin D. Roosevelt
4. Woodrow Wilson
5. Thomas Jefferson



*From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum*

FIGURE 6. Willie's portrait is on the wall.



*From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum*

FIGURE 7. Mary's legs appear to be very short.

6. Andrew Jackson
7. Theodore Roosevelt
8. James K. Polk Tie
9. Harry S. Truman
10. John Adams
11. Grover Cleveland

Poll of 571 Historians by Gary M. Maranell, 1968.

1. Abraham Lincoln
2. George Washington
3. Franklin D. Roosevelt
4. Thomas Jefferson
5. Theodore Roosevelt
6. Woodrow Wilson



*From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum*

FIGURE 8. Note portraits of George and Martha Washington.



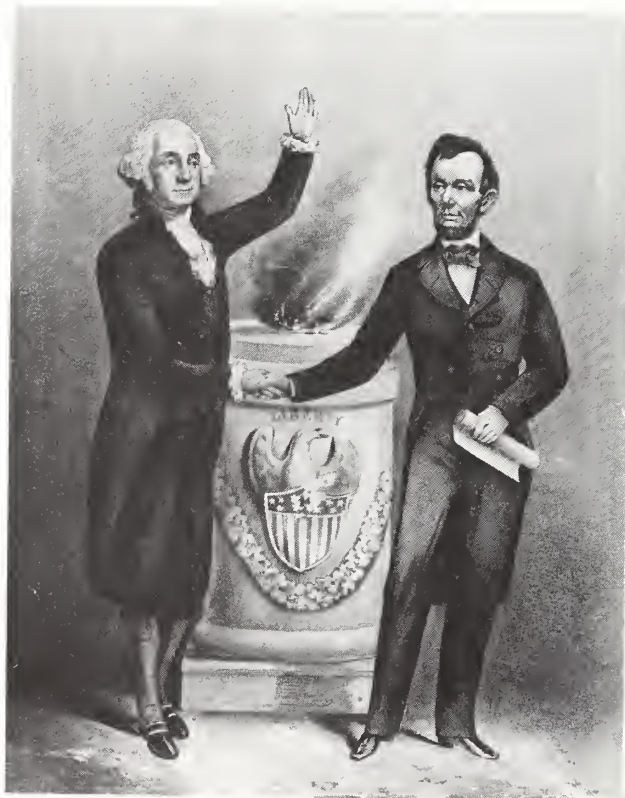
From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum.

FIGURE 9. A grotesque Lincoln family.

7. Harry S. Truman
8. Andrew Jackson
9. John Kennedy
10. John Adams

From "The Evaluation of Presidents: An Extension of the Schlesinger Polls," *Journal of American History*, LVII (June, 1970), 104-113.

There were no public opinion polls in Lincoln's day, but the popular prints provide a sort of barometer of public opinion. Their direct legacy to us, Lincoln's incomparably high reputation and the Cult of the First Family, even anticipated public opinion. Their indirect legacy is a rich and vivid documentation of the social and political currents of Abraham Lincoln's era.



From the Louis A. Warren
Lincoln Library and Museum

FIGURE 10. Lincoln was taller than Washington.

CALL FOR PAPERS

The Illinois State Historical Society is seeking proposals for papers, or sessions, to be delivered at the Second Annual Symposium on Illinois History, December 4-5, 1981. Papers, or sessions, will be considered on any aspect of the history, literature, art and culture, politics, geography, archeology, anthropology, and related fields of Illinois and/or the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys. The Symposium will be held in Springfield.

Individuals who wish to submit proposals should send a three hundred to six hundred word summary, along with resumes of intended participants, to:

Roger D. Bridges, Director of Research
Illinois State Historical Library
Old State Capitol
Springfield, Illinois 62706

Proposals must be received by April 15, 1981. Individuals will be notified of the Committee's decision by June 1, 1981.

Members of the Symposium Committee are Robert M. McColley, University of Illinois—Urbana/Champaign, Chairman; G. Cullom Davis, Sangamon State University; Raymond E. Hauser, Waubesa Community College; Victor Hicken, Western Illinois University; Wilma J. Lund, Illinois State Board of Education; and Robert E. Sterling, Joliet Junior College.

CALL FOR LINCOLN PAPERS

The Abraham Lincoln Association is seeking papers for its Ninth Annual Abraham Lincoln Symposium, which will be held on February 12, 1982. Proposals for papers dealing with Abraham Lincoln should be submitted no later than June 1, 1981, to Roger D. Bridges, Chairman of the Symposium Committee, Abraham Lincoln Association, Old State Capitol, Springfield, Illinois 62706.

Springfield's annual symposium on Abraham Lincoln is the premier Lincoln event in the country. Each year the leading scholars in the Lincoln field gather in Lincoln's home town to deliver or to listen to the latest findings in scholarship. The symposium is free of charge, and all interested Lincoln students should make an effort to attend. The papers are always worthwhile, and the opportunity to mingle with other like-minded people is not to be missed.

The symposium is followed in the evening by the annual dinner of the Abraham Lincoln Association. This is always a gala event and makes a fine conclusion to the day. To be sure of receiving the announcement of the symposium and the dinner, join the Abraham Lincoln Association. Individual memberships are available for fifteen dollars. Membership includes a subscription to the *Papers of the Abraham Lincoln Association*, a handsome journal published annually. Requests for membership or for additional information should be directed to Mr. William K. Alderfer, Secretary, Abraham Lincoln Association, Old State Capitol, Springfield, Illinois 62706.

A Correction

While dispensing advice to collectors in *Lincoln Lore* Number 1709 (July, 1980), I neglected to mention that they should study the dates and signatures carefully — something I did not do myself in the case of the letter shown on page 3. As James R. H. Spears of Indianapolis quickly pointed out, the letter could not have been written by Lew Wallace. The handwriting is not his, and he died four years before the letter was written.

The letter came in a lot of genuine materials, and I carelessly accepted the owner's identification of the author. I spent all my effort trying to figure out who the recipient of the letter was and what book it referred to. Mr. Spears closed his letter by saying, "I wonder who Charlie and Lew really were?" Do any of *Lincoln Lore's* other knowledgeable readers know?

M.E.N., Jr.

To: [unknown], INTERNET:ARCHIVES@LISTSERV.MUOHIO.EDU
From: Archives & Archivists, INTERNET:ARCHIVES@LISTSERV.MUOHIO.EDU
Date: 2/7/99, 1:45 PM
Re: Records/Archives in the News 2/07/99 Part 04

Sender: owner-archives*CTexley**COMPUSERVE*-COM@LISTSERV.MUOHIO.EDU
Received: from listserv.muohio.edu (listserv.muohio.edu [134.53.7.7])
by hil-img-2.compuserve.com (8.8.6/8.8.6/2.17) with ESMTP id QAA11121
for <CTexley@COMPUSERVE.COM>; Sun, 7 Feb 1999 16:45:13 -0500 (EST)
Message-Id: <199902072145.QAA11121@hil-img-2.compuserve.com>
Received: from cwisserver1 (134.53.7.7) by listserv.muohio.edu (LSMTP for Windows NT v1.
Date: Sun, 7 Feb 1999 16:40:48 EST
Reply-To: Archives & Archivists <ARCHIVES@LISTSERV.MUOHIO.EDU>
Sender: Archives & Archivists <ARCHIVES@LISTSERV.MUOHIO.EDU>
From: PAKURILECZ@AOL.COM
Subject: Records/Archives in the News 2/07/99 Part 04
Comments: To: recmgmt@listserv.syr.edu
To: ARCHIVES@LISTSERV.MUOHIO.EDU

----- Information from the mail header -----
Sender: Archives & Archivists <ARCHIVES@LISTSERV.MUOHIO.EDU>
Poster: PAKURILECZ@AOL.COM
Subject: Records/Archives in the News 2/07/99 Part 04

Records/Archives in the News r990131d
There is 1 story in this posting.

St. Louis Post Dispatch 1/31/99
Historian learns of brief meeting between Lincoln's son and Booth

St. Louis Post Dispatch 1/31/99
Historian learns of brief meeting between Lincoln's son and Booth
<snip>
SPRINGFIELD, Ill. (AP) -- Two years before John Wilkes Booth stood behind Abraham Lincoln in a theater box, aimed a small pistol at the back of the president's head and killed him, the actor briefly met Lincoln's young son during another performance, a historian says.

The encounter between Thomas Lincoln, known as Tad, and Booth was only recently discovered by a New Jersey historian who came across a description of the event in an obituary published in a New York newspaper nearly 100 years ago, The (Springfield) State Journal-Register reported Sunday.

William Styple told the newspaper that his research of Gustav Albert Schurmann, the subject of a Civil War-era photograph that caught his attention nearly 10 years ago, led to the discovery.

``It all started with the photo,'' Styple said. ``I'm a collector of Civil War photographs, a historian, and an author. In about 1990, I found a (photograph) of a 12-year-old soldier with a bugle.''

Beginning in 1861 at age 12, Schurmann served as a musician and bugler in Company I of the 40th New York Infantry.

He also turned out to be Tad Lincoln's companion on the evening of April 18, 1863, when he attended a play at Grover's Theater in Washington, according to Styple.

During the play, Tad, then 10, became fascinated by the leading man. At intermission, Tad and Schurmann went backstage, where they were introduced to Booth in his dressing room.

The actor greeted the two boys warmly, chatted with them while he put on his makeup and gave each boy roses from a bouquet that had been presented to him, Styple said.

Styple described the ironic meeting in ``The Little Bugler: The True Story of a Twelve-Year-Old Boy in the Civil War,' ' a book chronicling Schurmann's life.

While researching the young war veteran's life, Styple said he found an obituary of Schurmann published in the New York Sun in 1905 which related two weeks he spent at the White House as a companion to Tad Lincoln.

Schurmann met Tad and his father in early April 1863, when the president was on a tour inspecting the troops. Tad, known for his high spirits and mischievousness, immediately hit it off with the older boy and Schurmann was soon invited to the White House by the president.

It was during the visit that Tad and Schurmann attended Booth's performance of ``The Marble Heart,' ' a successful melodrama.

Terry Alford, a professor of history at Northern Virginia Community College and an expert on Booth, says he finds Styple's account of the meeting credible.

``I don't doubt it for a minute. It sounds very plausible to me,' ' Alford told The Journal-Register.

Booth was performing in the play in Washington in April 1863, Alford said. And Booth likely would have given a warm welcome to two young admirers, even if they were the offspring of northerners.

Further, Alford said, while Booth's Confederate sympathies were no secret, in April 1863 he had not yet begun to plot against President Lincoln. Booth shot Lincoln on April 14, 1865, at Ford's Theater in Washington.

Alford noted that Tad Lincoln was a frequent visitor to Grover's Theater and it would almost be surprising if he had not encountered Booth there.

Other evidence that supports Schurmann's story, Styple said, include an autographed photo of Tad and two books inscribed to Schurmann by Mary Todd Lincoln that are still in the possession of Schurmann's descendants.
<snip>

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Thomas Lincoln (1853-1871)

The youngest Lincoln son was named after Abraham Lincoln's father, Thomas, but "Tad's" nickname stemmed from his father's belief that he resembled a tadpole at birth. He was a rambunctious child who was a favorite of his father, particularly after the death of his bosom brother, Willie. According to Mary Todd Lincoln's cousin, Elizabeth Todd Grimsley, he was "a gay, gladsome, merry, spontaneous fellow, bubbling over with innocent fun, whose laugh rang through the house, when not moved to tears. Quick in mind, and impulse, like his mother, with her naturally sunny temperament, he was the life, as also the worry of the household."¹ Julia Taft described Tad as quick-tempered; he was "very affectionate when he chose, but implacable in his dislikes."² White House aide William O. Stoddard described a typical scene involving the two brothers:

What a yell! But it comes from the forces belonging to quite another seat of war. Tad has been trying to make another seat of war. Tad has been trying to make a war-map of Willie, and there are rapid movements in consequence on both sides. Peace is obtained by sending them to their mother, at the other end of the building, but the President does not return to his desk. He is studying one of the maps he has pulled down from the spring-roller above the lounge on the eastern side of the room. It is an outline map of West Virginia and the mountain ranges, and it is likely that something important is going on there.³

Tad was deficient in schooling, which his father refused to impose on him. Tad didn't learn to read until after Mr. Lincoln was murdered. A speech defect made it difficult to understand him. Nevertheless, he was beloved by many around the White House and by Union troops, whom he often saw on visits with his father. He could wear one of several military uniforms — he had been named a lieutenant by Secretary of War Edwin Stanton. His exercise of military discipline over the White House staff was interrupted by his unamused older brother. What was often considered bratty by others was considered adorable by his father, to whom he was devoted. When the President would try to send him away from his office, Tad would reply: "No, no, Papa. I want to stay and see the people."

And people loved Tad because he often championed their cause to his father. White House guard William Crook later



recalled: "Taddie could never speak very plainly. He had his own language; the names that he gave some of us we like to remember to-day. The President was 'papa-day,' which meant 'papa dear.' Tom Pendel was 'Tom Pen,' and I was 'Took.' But for all his baby tongue he had a man's heart, and in some things a man's mind. I believe he was the best companion Mr. Lincoln ever had — one who always understood him, and whom he always understood."⁴ Tad's friendliness had a positive side. Historian Matthew Pinsker wrote that "The infantry guards at the Soldiers' Home bestowed upon the youngest Lincoln an unofficial title of '3rd Lieutenant,' and he became, according to their sergeant, 'a great favorite' of the company, appearing 'often at drill time on his pony.'"⁵



Tad was less beloved by the President's secretaries and by cabinet members, who viewed his interruptions with disdain. Historian Benjamin P. Thomas wrote: "Tad ate all the strawberries intended for a state dinner; the steward raged and tore his hair, but his mother merely asked him why he did it."⁶ Nevertheless, secretary John Hay recalled Tad with fondness when he wrote his obituary:



"He was so full of life and vigor — so bubbling over with health and high spirits, that he kept the house alive with his pranks and his fantastic enterprises. He was always a 'chartered libertine,' and after the death of his brother Willie, a prematurely serious and studious child, and the departure of Robert for college, he installed himself as the absolute tyrant of the Executive Mansion. He was idolized by both his father and mother, petted and indulged by his teachers, and fawned upon and caressed by that noisome horde of office-seekers which infested the ante-rooms of the White House. He had a very bad opinion of books and no opinion of discipline, and thought very little of any tutor who would not assist him in yoking his kids to a chair or in driving his dogs tandem over the South Lawn. He was as shrewd as he was lawless, and always knew whether he could make a tutor serviceable or not. If he found one with obstinate ideas of the superiority of grammar to kite-flying as an intellectual employment, he soon found means of getting rid of him. He had so much to do that he felt he could not waste time in learning to spell. Early in the morning you could hear his shrill pipe resounding through the dreary corridors of the Executive residence. The day passed in a rapid succession of plots and commotions, and when the President laid down his weary pen toward midnight, he generally found his infant goblin asleep under his table or roasting his curly head by the open fire-place; and the tall chief would pick up the child and trudge off to bed with the drowsy little burden on his shoulder, stooping under the doors and dodging the chandeliers. The President took infinite comfort in the child's rude health, fresh fun, and uncontrollable boisterousness. He was pleased to see him growing up in ignorance of books, but with singularly accurate ideas of practical matters. He was a fearless rider, while yet so small that his legs stuck out horizontally from the saddle. He had that power of taming and attaching animals to himself, which seems the especial gift of kindly and

unlettered natures. 'Let him run,' the easy-going President would say; 'he has time enough left to learn his letters and get pokey. Bob was just such a little rascal, and now he is a very decent boy.'"⁷

Tad had his own special code for entering his father's office — three quick taps and two slow bangs — but he needed no code to reach his father's tender heart. The President virtually refused to discipline or restrain his youngest son. Tad had free rein in the house and grounds — disrupting staff, meetings, and social occasions at will. Noah Brooks wrote that, "I was once sitting with the President in the library when Tad tore into the room in search of something, and having found it, he threw himself on his father like a small thunderbolt, gave him one wild, fierce hug, and without a word, fled from the room before his father could put out a hand to detain him."⁸ According to Assistant Secretary of War Charles A. Dana, "Often I sat by Tad's father reporting to him about some important matter that I had been ordered to inquire into, and he would have this boy on his knee; and, while he would perfectly understand the report, the striking thing about him was his affection for the child."⁹ Tad's ability to manipulate and annoy others is suggested by a story told by painter Francis Carpenter who spent six months at the White House preparing a painting of the Emancipation Proclamation:

The day after the review of Burnside's division some photographers from Brady's Gallery came up to the White House to make some stereoscopic studies for me of the President's office. They requested a dark closet, in which to develop the pictures; and without a thought that I was infringing upon anybody's rights, I took them to an unoccupied room of which little 'Tad' had taken possession a few days before, and with the aid of a couple of the servants, had fitted up as a miniature theatre, with stage, curtains, orchestra, stalls, parquette, and all. Knowing that the use required would interfere with none of his arrangements, I led the way to his apartment.

Everything went on well, and one or two pictures had been taken, when suddenly there was an uproar. The operator came back to the office, and said that 'Tad' had taken great offence at the occupation of his room without his consent, and had locked the door, refusing all admission. The chemicals had been taken inside, and there was no way of getting at them, he having carried off the key. In the midst of this conversation, 'Tad' burst in, in a fearful passion. He laid all the blame upon me — said that I had no right to use his room, and that the men should not go in even to get their things. He had locked the door, and they should not go there again — 'they had no business in his room!' Mr. Lincoln had been sitting for a photograph, and was still in the chair. He said, very mildly, 'Tad, go and unlock the door.' Tad went off muttering into his mother's room, refusing to obey. I followed him into the passage, but no coaxing would pacify him. Upon my return to the President, I found him still sitting patiently in the chair, from which he had not risen. He said: 'Has not the boy opened that door?' I replied that we could do nothing with him — he had gone off in a great pet. Mr. Lincoln's lips came together firmly, and then, suddenly rising, he strode across the passage with the air of one bent on punishment, and disappeared in the domestic apartments. Directly he returned with the key to the theatre, which he unlocked himself. 'There,' said he, 'go ahead, it is all right now.' He then went back to his office, followed by myself, and resumed his seat. 'Tad,' said he, half apologetically, 'is a peculiar child. He was violently excited when I went to him. I

said, 'Tad, do you know you are making your father a great deal of trouble?' He burst into tears, instantly giving me up the key.'¹⁰

Tad's instincts often mirrored his father's in their compassion. Ward Hill Lamon recalled on occasion in which Tad took up the cause of some Kentuckians who had been waiting for several hours to see the President. He went to Mr. Lincoln's office and requested that he be allowed to introduce some friends to the President. Mr. Lincoln agreed and Tad took them into to see the President. Tad introduced the leader and then asked him to introduce the others. According to Lamon, "The introductions were gone through with, and they turned out to be gentlemen Mr. Lincoln had been avoiding for a week. Mr. Lincoln reached for the boy, took him on his lap, kissed him, and told him it was all right, and that he had introduced his friend like a little gentleman as he was." Tad later explained that he called the men his "friends" because "they looked so good and sorry, and said they were from Kentucky, that I thought they must be our friends." His father replied: "That is right, my son. I would have the whole human race your friends and mine, if it were possible."¹¹

When the President gave his final serenade speech at the White House on April 11, Tad picked up the pages of his speech as he discarded them. When a listener suggested that the defeated Rebels should be hung, Tad said, "Oh, no, we must hang on to them." President Lincoln responded, "That's right, Tad, we must hang on to them."¹² Tad was not always so tender-hearted. He sometimes sentenced dolls and the family's pet turkey to death — only to have his father issue pardons at Tad's own request. When Tad was told his father was shot on the evening of April 14, 1865, he was understandably devastated, but bore up better than his mother. The next day, a family friend from Illinois, attorney John Albert Jones, came to the White House to pay his respects to Mrs. Lincoln According to Jones daughter, "When Tad saw my father, he ran up to him and asked: 'Mr. Jones, wouldn't you like to have something of my father's?' 'Yes, Tad, 'but of no value.' Tad led my father to his father's desk and gave him two pens, the last his father had used."¹³

Two days after his father's murder, Tad asked a White House visitor if he thought Mr. Lincoln had "gone to heaven?" When the visitor replied in the affirmative, Tad said: "I am glad he has gone there, for he never was happy after he came here. This was not a good place for him!"¹⁴ Born in 1853, Tad died at age 18 in Chicago of pneumonia or tuberculosis — breaking his mother's heart once again.

Footnotes

1. Elizabeth Todd Grimsley, "Six Months in the White House," *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society* 19 (Oct.-Jan., 1926-27), pp. 48-49.
2. Julia Taft Bayne, *Tad Lincoln's Father*, p. 8.
3. Michael Burlingame, editor, *Inside the White House in War Times*, p. 12.
4. Margarita Spalding Gerry, editor, *Through Five Administrations: Reminiscences of Colonel William H. Crook*, p. 23.
5. Matthew Pinsker, *Lincoln's Sanctuary: Abraham Lincoln and the Soldier's Home*, p. 78.
6. Benjamin P. Thomas, *Abraham Lincoln*, p. 301.
7. Michael Burlingame, editor, *At Lincoln's Side: John Hay's Civil War Correspondence and Selected Writings*, pp. 111-112. *New York Tribune 17 July 1871 p. 4 c. 6*
8. Herbert Mitgang, editor, Noah Brooks, *Washington, D.C. in Lincoln's Time*, p 249.
9. Charles A. Dana, *Recollections of the Civil War*, p. 168.

*Obituary
of Tad Lincoln*

10. Francis Carpenter, *Six Months at the White House*, pp. 91-92.
11. Ward Hill Lamon, *Recollections of Abraham Lincoln*, pp. 167-168.
12. Ruth Painter Randall, *Lincoln's Sons*, p. 161.
13. Eugenia Jones Hunt, "My Personal Recollections of Abraham and Mary Todd Lincoln," *Abraham Lincoln Quarterly*, March 1945, p. 251.
14. Carpenter, *Six Months at the White House*, p. 293.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We have been requested to present to our readers again the picture of Abraham Lincoln and his son. We are quite willing to do it, especially on this anniversary-month of our nation's independence. We give, in addition, a few words spoken by him on the Fourth of July, 1863, at a serenade :—

“Fellow-citizens, I am very glad, indeed, to see you to-night : and yet I will not say I thank you for this call ; but I do most sincerely thank Almighty God for the occasion on which you have called. How long ago is it ? Eighty odd years, since, on the Fourth of July, for the first time in the history of the world, a nation, by its representatives, assembled, and declared, as a self-evident truth, ‘that all men are created equal.’ That was the birthday of the United States of America.”

LINCOLN'S SON "FORGAVE"

During the Civil War President Lincoln tried to instill into the mind of his youngest son, Tad, the idea that he could be a great help in winning the war and saving the Union, if he would only try very hard. So on that memorable Tuesday night, April 11, 1865, after Tad had heard his father tell the Cabinet council and White House callers that people of the North must forgive and welcome the South back into the fold, Tad decided to adopt the plan.

That evening when a great crowd arrived to serenade and congratulate the President, Tad took out of its hiding place a Confederate flag some one had given him, and waved it out of a second-story window over heads of the serenaders. A harsh laugh and murmurs of dissent arose from the crowd, and a servant, frightened by what he conceived to be Tad's ill-timed demonstration, seized the boy by the seat of his trousers and snatched him and the stars and bars back out of sight.—[New York World.

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PATRIOTISM OF TAD LINCOLN.

Why It Wasn't Appreciated Until His Father Had Approved of It.

One of the prettiest incidents in the closing days of our civil war occurred when the troops "marching home again" passed in grand form, if with well-worn uniforms, and tattered bunting, before the White House. Naturally

an immense crowd had assembled on the streets, the lawns, porches, balconies and windows, even those of the executive mansion itself being crowded to excess.

A central figure was that of the president, Abraham Lincoln, who, with bared head, unfurled and waved our nation's flag in the midst of lusty cheers. But suddenly there was an unexpected sight. A small boy leaned forward and sent streaming to the air the banner of the boys in gray. It was an old flag which had been captured from the confederates, and which the urchin, the president's second son, Tad, had obtained possession of, and considered an additional token of triumph to unfurl on this all-important day. Vainly did the servant who had followed him to the window plead with him to desist. No. Master Tad, the pet of the White House, was not to be prevented from adding to the loyal demonstration of the hour.

To his surprise, however, the crowd viewed it differently. Had it floated from any other window in the capital that day, no doubt it would have been the target of contempt and abuse: but when the president, understanding what had happened, turned, with a smile on his grand plain face, and showed his approval by gesture and expression, cheer after cheer rent the air. It was, surely enough, the expression of peace and good will, which, of all our commanders, none was better pleased to promote than the commander-in-chief.

Tad, as he was called at home, was his father's idol and constant companion. Scarcely a day but he could be seen trudging along the country roads near their summer home or in the city itself, his small figure in comical contrast to the president's tall lank form. In these walks they had chats which were to the boy as precious memories. His early death was a calamity, for on his return from Europe he promised everything fine, manly and noble his father had hoped for.

A characteristic incident, which he himself related to the writer, occurred a day or two after his entering, temporarily, a foreign school. A rather snobbish young gentleman of rank, not knowing who young Lincoln was, inquired, as boys will of each other, who his father was. Tad, with the slow, reflective smile which was his sole point of resemblance to his father, answered: "A wood-chopper."

"Oh, indeed!" was the rather sneering answer. And for a day or two the high-born lad turned the cold-shoulder to the "new boy."

Judge of his feelings when, very soon, the American lad's prestige being known to all the school, he found that he had made himself ridiculous. Tad, however, was too much of a little gentleman not to accept the friendship, however tardily offered.—Harper's Young People.

Little Tad's Christmas

President Lincoln sometimes let little Tad accompany him on his rounds of the camps and hospitals. During the winter of 1863 the President and his



little boy visited the camps across the Potomac. They found the soldier boys suffering from poor shelter and many were sick and all were cold. As the President sat at his desk that Christmas eve, weary and harassed, Tad ran into him with his arms full of books, many of them his own Christmas books.

"Papa, say," he cried, "I want to send these pretty books to the camp. Do you remember how lonesome the men looked?"

Mr. Lincoln held the child close for a minute, "Yes, my son," he said, "send a big box. Ask mother for plenty of warm things and tell Daniel to pack in all of the good eatables he can and let him mark the box, 'From Tad Lincoln.'"

Lincoln's Advice to a Client



TAD LINCOLN.

~~When~~ The Lincoln boys were bright features of the social administration but above all they were the only source of comfort to the war President in many of his darkest hours. The bond between father and sons was more than close during the first twenty months of the administration. The eldest son, Mr. Robert Lincoln, who is at present representative of the United States at the court of St. James, was well grown at the time, but Willie and Tad were bright little fellows and endless stories of both are handed down to us. Willie and his father were particularly close and the death of this son in the middle of February, 1862, added the greatest grief of his life to the burden the President was already bearing. After Willie's death Tad was closer than ever to his parents and was the pet of the Presidential circle and the real ruler of the White House. Mr. Lincoln seemed never content without Tad playing about him, and many a critical subject was debated with Tad Lincoln and his toys in the room. Still although Tad became very necessary to Mr. Lincoln and was greatly beloved, he never quite filled the place of Willie, for whom the President never ceased to mourn even to the day of his death. Tad was a very affectionate and sensitive boy, and the shock of his father's murder affected his health and he lived but a few years longer.

OLD COPY

The Father and Tad.

Lincoln was not troubled with an excess of dignity during his Springfield days. He did not always permit the dignity of others to restrain him when he felt like boyish sport. In the presence of one small person, he unbent to the limit of romping. That person was "Tad," the beloved son, who died after the family went to the White House.

"I remember one day I went up to Springfield in company with Mr. Trumbull," said Henry Guest McPike of Alton. "We had political business at Mr. Lincoln's office. Trumbull was a very dignified man. We were sitting in the office talking to Mr. Lincoln, when the door opened and a boy dashed in, running as hard as he could. He was Tad. His father stood up and opened wide his arms. Tad came running. When he was about 6 feet away he jumped and caught his father around the neck. Lincoln wrapped his arms around the boy and spanked him good, both of them laughing and carrying on as if there was nobody looking at them."

What Judge Trumbull thought of the interruption he did not say. He sat there observing the frolic without a sign to indicate that to him this was a novel interlude in the midst of a grave discussion on affairs of national concern.

TAD LINCOLN'S RIDE.

Charming Incident Related by a War-Time Engineer.

Mr. John Henry Martin sends to the New York Sun a pretty story of a ride which he once gave to Tad Lincoln. It was early in the war. Mr. Martin, a soldier, had been detailed to run an engine on a little road that ran from Washington down into Virginia, and one morning, as he sat in the cab of the engine reading a newspaper, he became conscious, without paying any particular attention to the fact, that a man and a boy were walking about the engine and examining it. He says:

At length my attention was attracted by a question the boy put to the man:

"Papa, can't we get up on it? Ask the gentleman, please!"

Before he could comply with the boy's request I laid aside my paper and invited the two to step up. I noticed that the gentleman was tall. He had to remove his high silk hat, and then stand in a slightly stooping position while in the cab. From his answers to the questions with which the boy plied him and his explanations of different parts of the machine, I saw that he knew something of the principle upon which locomotives are built.

"O papa! I do wish I could take a ride on it."

"Not now, my son. Maybe some day we may have a chance."

I said, "If you and your son will have a seat over there on the fireman's box I shall be glad to give the young man a little ride. I want to pump her up, anyway."

He thanked me as he and the boy seated themselves. I set the lever, opened the throttle slightly, and we moved slowly down the yard, and out to the Washington end of the Long Bridge across the Potomac. The gentleman explained to the boy all my acts in controlling the machine in a manner that showed he knew the locomotive very well.

"O papa! I do wish I could take a long ride on this engine out in the country, where it goes fast. It must be grand to be carried away by such a big, strong horse."

As the engine slowly backed once more into the sheds the gentleman again thanked me, and as I caught the

wistful look in the boy's face I was prompted to say:

"My run is only three hours out and three back, sir. I leave here at 10 a. m. and return at 4:30 p. m. If you are willing to trust the boy to me, I will take him for the trip here in front of me on my seat. The road is safe. We do not go into the enemy's country. I think I can promise to deliver the young man to you at this spot at 4:30 this afternoon."

"Papa, papa, do let me go; it will be so nice, and I know this gentleman will see that no harm comes to me. Do let me go, papa, and don't tell mamma until I get back. I want to surprise her by telling her all about the trip."

The gentleman could not withstand his son's pleading. He let him go.

Words fail to tell the delight of the boy as we sped over the hills and valleys of Virginia. From the questions he asked I soon discovered he was a Western boy from the prairie land.

As the engine puffed and groaned up a long grade on the return trip suddenly the boy, who sat between my knees, looked up into my face and said:

"I have got the very best papa that ever lived. Do you know my papa?"

"No, my boy, I do not; but there was something so familiar to me in his appearance that ever since you climbed into this cab I have been trying to think where I have seen your father before. What is his name?"

"Why, he is Abraham Lincoln," replied my fellow-traveler.

For a moment I reeled on my seat in surprise, but soon it flashed on me that the tall man who had placed the child in my charge could be no other than the President, whom I had only seen as pictured in the newspapers.

You may be sure I made a doubly careful run into Washington when I found that Tad Lincoln, son of the President, was the little guest I had in my cab.

Another man, I suppose a White House servant, met the train on its arrival and took the boy away.

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Another man, I suppose a White House servant, met the train on its arrival and took the boy away.

The next and last time I saw Abraham Lincoln was when he lay in state in Washington before the sad funeral cortege started to the prairies of Illinois to lay the martyred President to rest at Springfield.

A STORY OF TAD LINCOLN.



NE of the best ways to get acquainted with people is to find out in what they are interested, and as many of the JUNIORS have shown their interest in President Lincoln, they

may like to know something about Tad, the president's youngest son, who was always his father's pet. It was said of the president that a father never loved his children better than he. Visitors calling at the white house in the evening would often come in upon Mr. Lincoln sitting with little Tad at his knee while they looked over together the curious books which had been sent to the president from all over the world. At such times they found it hard to decide who was the more entertaining, Mr. Lincoln or his little son.

Tad always accompanied his father on his trips down the Potomac. One time when the president was busy talking to a friend he said: "Tad, if you will be a good boy and not disturb me any more till we get to Fortress Monroe, I will give you a dollar." For a while Tad was silent, but soon became as noisy as before. When the boat reached Fortress Monroe he said: "Father, I want my dollar."

"Do you think you have earned it, Tad?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes," was the sturdy answer.

"Well, my son," replied the president, "at any rate, I will keep my part of the bargain."

In speaking of his son to friends, Mr. Lincoln would say, "Tad is a peculiar child. If I say to him when disobedient, 'Tad, you are making your father a great deal of trouble,' he will burst into tears at once and do as I wish."

Mr. Stanton, who was secretary of war during the administration, commissioned little Tad "Lieutenant," knowing it would amuse Mr. Lincoln. Tad at once ordered a quantity of muskets sent to the house and gave them to the gardeners and servants, drilling them all and putting them on duty instead of the regular guard, which he discharged. When Mr. Lincoln was told of this he took the matter as a good joke and refused to do anything about it, so for once the white house was unguarded during the night.

When little Tad was told that his father had been shot, his grief was frantic and for twenty-four hours he was inconsolable. When Sunday morning came and he saw the sun shining as brightly as ever, he said to one of his father's friends:

"Do you think my father has gone to heaven?"

"I haven't a doubt of it, Tad," was the answer.

"Then I am glad he has gone there, for he never was happy after he came here. This was not a good place for him!"

Tad Lincoln's Check

BY DR. EDGAR DEWITT JONES.

In February 1862, the Union's darkest hour, the two small sons of President Abraham Lincoln, Willie, 11, and "Tad," 9, were sick. Willie died and "Tad's" condition remained grave. It was a time of tension in the "executive mansion," as it was then called.

On March 8 Washington was agog over the news of the battle between the Merrimac and the Monitor. The greatly harassed President was about to enter into an important conference with a waiting delegation when his secretary came in and whispered something in his chief's ear.

Lincoln left the room immediately and in the hallway "Tad's" nurse met him. "Mrs. Lincoln insists that she see you, sir," she explained. "'Tad' won't take his medicine." The President nodded his head, walked down the long

hall and entered the sick child's room. He was gone but a short time and came out smiling. "It's all right now," he announced.

The nurse softly entered the room. From the pillow Tad's wan face was aglow with an expansive grin, and clutched in his small hands was a check on the Riggs National Bank of Washington, which read as follows:

"Pay to 'Tad' (when he is well enough to present Five Dollars. A. Lincoln."

"Tad" took his medicine after that. The check worked like a charm. This check is owned by W. H. "Bill" Townsend of Lexington, Ky., and I once held it in my hand as carefully as I would the Kohinoor diamond, maybe more so. Of the most precious Lincoln relics this is rightly judged to be one of the rarest, and the human interest surrounding it gives it an added appeal.

I missed my train out of Lexington once just because I was so enthralled with "Bill" Townsend and his treasures I forgot time and trains. And "Tad's" check is only one of many items in "Bill's" possession calculated to make the mouth of a Lincoln fan water liberally.



Dr. Jones

THOMAS F. MADIGAN

*Executive Mansion
Washington Oct
4th*

Gus Lumpert

*1226 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia*

*Gus. I want to know about that
box you was to send me. Please
let me know right away if you
Please*

*And Oblidge
Col Thomas Lincoln*

TAD LINCOLN
ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTER
(See page 82)

THE autographs described in this Catalogue comprise but a small random selection from my stock, which includes thousands of other letters, documents and manuscripts, literary, historical, scientific, musical, etc., American and foreign. Send me a list of the names or subjects in which you are especially interested. It may well be that my files contain many things that would appeal to you. I am always glad to send descriptions and price quotations on items in my stock that may not be included in my catalogues. If any of your friends would like to receive a copy of this Catalogue, I would be glad to send it to them.

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T. F. M.

2 EAST 54TH STREET . NEW YORK

By." With A.L.S. of Bennett transmitting the hymn and a magazine clipping giving a history of it, as well as a fine cabinet photograph of Bennett. 2 pp., 8vo Richmond, Ill., Oct. 29, 1890. \$45.00

A VERY INTERESTING GROUP OF ITEMS. "THE SWEET BY AND BY" IS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF AMERICAN HYMNS. The author has transcribed it in full, three stanzas and chorus. Seldom does one find more than a stanza or two. First stanza and chorus follow:

"THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

There's a Land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

In the sweet By-and-By,
We shall meet on that Beautiful Shore—
In the sweet By-and-By,
We shall meet on that Beautiful Shore." Etc.

- 14 **BENTHAM, Jeremy.** Celebrated English Philosopher and Writer on Jurisprudence. A.L.S. 3 pp., 4to. Hendon, Middlesex, Oct. 31, 1793. To Sir Charles Bunbury. \$20.00

AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING LETTER referring to Bentham's "Panopticon," a scheme for prison discipline which was for years his greatest concern and about which he wrote volumes. Bentham had investigated the whole subject of prison discipline and management and was very sanguine as to the good effects of his "Panopticon." This letter, which was written apropos of the building of a new jail at Bury, reads in part as follows:

"With regard to everything that is personal to myself, my wishes are abundantly gratified by the National Establishment; but for the benefit of the country, should my humble endeavors prove successful in its service, my ambition goes to no less than the becoming, under the offices of Sir Charles Bunbury, Jailor, as Lord Kenyon is Chief Justice, of all England. Either I am much mistaken, or I could save money to the Gentlemen of the County, to say nothing of what they will look upon as the more important saving, that of misery and wretchedness to the Prisoners," etc., etc.

- 15 **BIERCE, Ambrose.** Noted American Author and Journalist. TYPED MS. TABLE OF CONTENTS OF HIS "TALES OF SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS." 3 pp., sm. 4to (1891). \$20.00

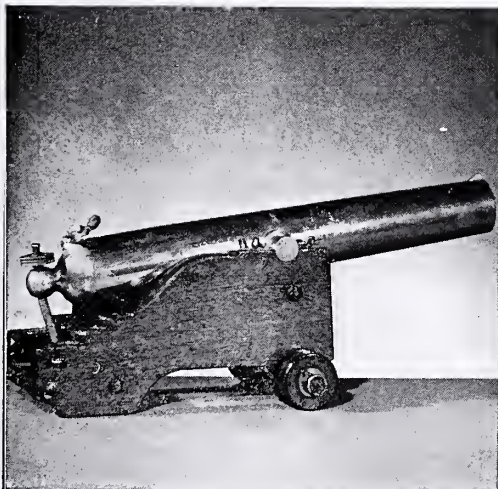
THE ORIGINAL TYPED MANUSCRIPT, WITH CORRECTIONS IN BIERCE'S AUTOGRAPH, OF THE TABLE OF CONTENTS OF HIS FAMOUS BOOK OF CIVIL WAR STORIES, "TALES OF SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS," which he published in San Francisco. This volume, which was re-issued in New York in 1898 as "In the Midst of Life," contains some of Bierce's finest work and places him in the front rank of American writers of fantastic short stories. Included in it are, "A Horseman in the Sky," "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," "Chickamauga," etc.



Courtesy of F. H. Meserve



Courtesy of the Library of Congress



Courtesy of the Illinois State Historical Library



Courtesy of F. H. Meserve

Tad, Cannon, Midgets, and Toyshop

Upper left, Mr. Lincoln showing Tad a photograph album in Brady's studio, February 9, 1864. Robert called this "one of the most characteristic and excellent portraits" of his father. *Upper right*, Stuntz's Toyshop, where Tad and his father bought toy soldiers. *Lower left*, the miniature brass cannon, a model of Dahlgren's Boat Howitzer, which was the result of Lincoln's note: "Capt. Dahlgren may let 'Tad' have a little gun that he can not hurt himself with." *Lower right*, the bride and groom who were entertained at the White House, General and Mrs. Tom Thumb.

the goldfish in the fountains around the White House, and once they engaged in an escapade which proved what congenial spirits they were. They helped themselves to two "demon" costumes from the wardrobe at the theater, put them on, and started out to make things interesting for people passing by on Pennsylvania Avenue. Unfortunately for them and for the story, a theater official caught them promptly and put a stop to their fun.

With this background Tad soon became a very familiar and privileged figure backstage at the National. He would come to rehearsals, perhaps in company with Bobby Grover, and watch them with rapt attention. Tad always made friends and soon won over the stage workmen. He would frequently aid the property men in placing the stage settings and with his authoritative manner, he probably bossed the job. He had complete liberty backstage and on two known occasions went on stage during a performance as a "super."

One incident was told by the comedian John T. Raymond, who took part in the play involved, a burlesque called *Pocahontas*. In those days, when the soldiers caught a pickpocket, they would placard him—"This is a pickpocket"—and make him walk along the streets of Washington to the tune of the "Rogue's March." The play burlesqued such a scene. Tad had come with his father to see *Pocahontas* and went backstage as usual. The actor said he was "a jolly little fellow; everybody liked him," and someone had the bright idea of dressing him in a very ragged outfit and sending him on the stage with a mob in one of the scenes. Mr. Lincoln, sitting unnoticed in his box, suddenly saw Tad and broke into a hearty laugh. He threw up his hands in a mock gesture of dismay and then let one hand drop over the side of the box. The audience, hitherto unaware of the President's presence, recognized that long, bony hand, for "there was no hand in the world like Mr. Lincoln's." They set up a shout for him and he had to come to the front of the box and make a bow. When Tad returned, his father threw his arms around him in delight. "The pleasure, the affection of the father was so intense, so spontaneous . . . it was glorious to see him."

Another occasion in which Tad appeared on stage was much more dramatic. It was related by Leonard Grover himself. The play was a popular extravaganza called *The Seven Sisters*. It happened that Mr. Lincoln knew the celebrated actor John McDonough, who had a leading part in it. Before the play started its run, Mr. McDonough with several other gentlemen had called on the President, and Mr. Lincoln had seized the opportunity to talk with the actor on a favorite topic, the plays of Shakespeare. It proved to be an in-

Mrs. Lincoln was recently in London for the purpose of placing her son "Tad" at school, after which she proposed to join her friend, Mrs. Bishop Simpson, at Rome, and with her make a tour of Italy. The right-minded ladies and gentlemen of the country seem to be more and more disposed to speak out their opinion that Mrs. L. has been rather badly treated by the Republican leaders, and especially by those whose fame and fortunes were made by her husband.

Harpur Boyer February 19, 1871

Byrum

EVERY MAN *Byrum* FIGHTING FOR NEW RECORDS IN 1930.

It is said that Mrs. Lincoln, since the death of her son "Tad", has been in failing health.

Harpur Boyer Sept 30 1871

Master Frank Lincoln, the youngest son of the late President L. is announced by the Bellevue (Ohio) Gazette to lecture in that village.

Harpur Boyer July 1 1871

1853 April 4

1861

sev.
Eighty years in a white house

1862

John

with died nine years old

1864

John

John with John 11 years old

1865

April 15

12 years old John died

1865 Fall

John in school at Racine

1866 Jan

John in Chicago

1870

John in Frankfurt Germany

1869 October

1870 March 22

Frankfurt

John

"

1870

Beaumont Englewood

Englewood notes 7 hours a day

1871

Spring John to Chicago

John ill in Europe

1871

July 15 Died in Munich

John

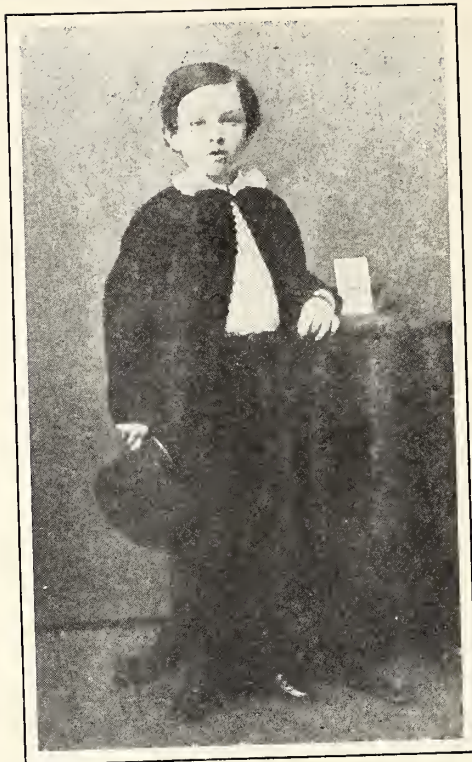
18 years 3 months & 4 days

"The cause of his death was dropsy of the chest"



TAD LINCOLN. (See Page 63.)

Lincoln, Thomas (Tad)



Photograph of Thomas (Tad) Lincoln, born April 4, 1853,
who became the companion of President Lincoln during
his last years in the White House.—The oldest son,
Robert Todd Lincoln, was in Harvard—
Collection of Frederick H. Meserve

TAD





